THE NATION

MARCH 26, 1960 . . 25c

Upsala College
Library
East Orange, N. J.

# MUST CHESSMAN DIE?

## *An Appeal to the National Conscience*

**Caryl Chessman is scheduled to die in the gas chamber at San Quentin Prison on May 2. With great courage, Governor Edmund G. Brown granted a last-minute reprieve, called the California legislature into special session, and recommended abolition of the death penalty. But a committee of the state senate, by an 8-7 margin,**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# LETTERS

## Gov. Meyner's Plan

*Dear Sirs:* Re your editorial of February 6, "The Candidates and a Politics of Peace," I couldn't agree with you more. The issue should be peace.

Instead of greeting Mr. Khrushchev's disarmament proposals, made before the United Nations during his visit here, with cynical disapproval, we should have shouted "Amen." Then we should have proceeded to test his sincerity by immediate negotiation and complete preparation for the Geneva disarmament conference, and the Summit meeting to follow in May.

While our country still holds a position of strength—even though it is lessening from a comparative point of view—we should come forth with a bold plan to industrialize the underdeveloped nations of the world. I have in mind a plan to be joined by the nations of Western Europe and Japan (and it should include an overture to the Soviet Union and some of her satellites to participate, even though there is a fair chance that they would refuse).

This should be done under U.N. auspices. Such a program should have popular appeal among the industrial nations, where fears of loss of markets, overproduction and unemployment are very real.

The longer we put off such an approach, the less chance we have of success. And if the industrial nations proceed independently, it is likely to produce discord instead of orderly progress.

ROBERT B. MEYNER
Governor, State of N.J.

*Trenton, N.J.*

*Jane Stolle's article on page 270 of this issue indicates that the U.N. is already working along the lines laid down by Governor Meyner.* — ED.

## The International University

*Dear Sirs*: *"The Nation* Proposes," an editorial in your March 5 issue, is one more evidence of your constructive thinking in this age of nuclear giants. As an international student, I heartily concur with your idea of transforming Howard University, located in the nation's Capital, ". . . into a great International University to which selected students from every quarter of the earth would be brought as guests of the government with all expenses paid."

Certainly there is a tremendous need for many such institutions in the United States. Not only can they help to bring about badly needed international understanding, but they can also bring about the growth of each student in an atmosphere where individual freedom and individual rights are held to be paramount.

Perhaps the greatest value of such universities would be the ultimate effect that its graduates would have on the future progress and development of their countries — in freedom.

FARIBORZ S. FATEMI
Syracuse University

*Syracuse, N.Y.*

## The Winston Case

*Dear Sirs:* The extraordinary case of Henry Winston clamors for public attention. One of the handful of Communists prosecuted under the Smith Act, he was sent to prison in February, 1956, for eight years. After four years he fell victim, in prison, to a brain tumor, and was removed to Montefiore Hospital, in New York, for surgery. The tumor was removed, but it left him nearly blind and with incomplete control of his legs. Several doctors who have made post-operative examinations attest that Winston—only forty-four—has a chance to regain full use of his legs, and to improve his sight, provided he is given proper rehabilitation treatment.

Obviously, a medical parole is called for. This is standard practice for prisoners suffering from brain tumors. Moreover, Winston has already served half his sentence; and it is certain that neither the jury which found him guilty, nor the court which sentenced him, thought to inflict upon him permanent near-blindness as punishment for his ideological sins. Yet the Federal Parole Board wants to send him back to a prison hospital where proper rehabilitation facilities are admittedly inadequate.

If you agree with Norman Thomas, Roger N. Baldwin, the Rev. Edler D. Hawkins and other distinguished Americans that Winston—a Negro, a World War II veteran and the father of two children—has been sufficiently punished, please write to the U.S. Board of Parole, 101 Indiana Avenue, Washington, D.C.

HORACE KREIBER

*New York City*

## Ill-Prepared Leaders

*Dear Sirs*: The problem which Congressman Charles O. Porter raises in his article "Accident or Aggression" in your issue of March 5 is one that has led to a great deal of thought, on my part, in recent months. I have come to realize that with increasing prosperity, the college student of today has grown more and more apathetic towards the possibility of total annihilation. Having never experienced a depression or total war, we have grown too confident of the future. . . . It seems that, although we will soon be the leaders of the country, we may not be able to assume the

(*Continued on page 277*)

## In This Issue

EDITORIALS

265 ● 

ARTICLES

268 ● 'Challenge' on the Campus
by DAN WAKEFIELD

270 ● The Hoffman Plan
by JANE STOLLE

271 ● The Impotent Suburban Vote
by ROBERT C. WOOD

274 ● Hoffa in the Garden
by NOEL E. PARMENTEL, Jr.

275 ● Politics and Chessman
by RICHARD MEISTER

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

278 ● Japan: The Wishful Travelers
by DONALD RICHIE

280 ● Class and Sanity
by WILLIAM CAUDILL

281 ● Letter from Dublin
by LOUIS O. COXE

282 ● Theatre
by HAROLD CLURMAN

283 ● Art
by MAURICE GROSSER

284 ● Films
by ROBERT HATCH

Crossword Puzzle (opp. 284)
by FRANK W. LEWIS

George G. Kirstein, Publisher
Carey McWilliams, Editor
Victor H. Bernstein, Managing Editor
Robert Hatch, Books and the Arts

Harold Clurman, Theatre
Maurice Grosser, Art
M. L. Rosenthal, Poetry
Lester Trimble, Music

Alexander Werth, European Correspondent

Mary Simon, Advertising Manager

**The Nation, Mar. 26, 1960. Vol. 190, No. 13**

**The Nation** published weekly (except for omission of four summer issues) by The Nation Company and copyright 1960, in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N. Y. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y.

**Subscription Price Domestic**—One year $8, Two years $14, Three Years $20. Additional postage per year, Foreign $1.

**Change of Address:** Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new.

**Information to Libraries: The Nation** is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Index to Labor Articles, Public Affairs, Information Service, Dramatic Index.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1960*
*VOLUME 190, No. 13*

THE NATION

# EDITORIALS

**(Continued from front cover)**

**has voted to retain the ultimate punishment (see article on page 275). Under the circumstances, the action was not** surprising. An aroused world opinion, plus intense local interest and agitation, had made Chessman the symbol of the movement to abolish capital punishment. As the issue was presented, the legislature could not consider it on the merits, that is, apart from Caryl Chessman. This is an election year and the Chessman case is an emotional issue on which the public is sharply divided. The same circumstance, in fact, made it difficult for Governor Brown to consider the Chessman case on its merits, that is, apart from the effects that any disposition of it would have on the larger issue.

In the wake of the legislature's action, petitions have been circulated in California to take the issue of capital punishment directly to the people in the form of a referendum which would be put on the ballot in a special election next year. Meanwhile, in the absence of a favorable recommendation from the state Supreme Court, Governor Brown is powerless to grant clemency to Chessman. In California, the Chief Executive, in cases where the death penalty has been imposed, can grant clemency only on the recommendation of the court. Normally, applications for clemency are first submitted to the Governor, who in turn submits them to the court with an indication of his views. These views are generally accepted. But in this instance, Chessman's petition was submitted directly to the court instead of to the Governor, and the court, not unaffected perhaps by the irregularity, declined to recommend clemency by a 4-to-3 vote. The Chief Justice, be it noted, voted with the minority.

But Chessman can still be saved. Governor Brown — and the court — have heard from Rome, Montevideo, Bogota, Tokyo, Paris and Rome, and from every corner of California; it is national opinion that has yet to make itself felt.

To save Chessman from the gas chamber on May 2—the circumstance that the scheduled date for his execution falls on the morrow of May Day will not be lost sight of by some—the court should be urged to reconsider its 4-to-3 recommendation against clemency. Wires and other communications should be addressed to the California Supreme Court, State Building, San Francisco. In this matter, the court is acting in an advisory, not a judicial, capacity, and such communications are quite proper.

If the Governor, armed with the court's recommendation, were to commute Chessman's sentence to life imprisonment without parole, the people of the state would have a chance to vote on capital punishment without having to vote for or against clemency for Chessman; or the legislature itself, in a non-election year, could reconsider the issue apart from the din and clamor which the Chessman case has aroused.

Death Row in San Quentin is never vacant; there are twenty-one occupants at the moment. So the issue is not Caryl Chessman. The issue is capital punishment, but with a special emphasis. Must Chessman die, despite the grave doubt which exists that he was accorded due process, essentially because the legislature, the Supreme Court, the Governor and the people of California have been caught in an interlocking series of traps from which they apparently see no way to extricate themselves except by offering up Caryl Chessman as a human sacrifice? National opinion, we are confident, will want to help the Californians extricate themselves from the traps into which they have inadvertently stumbled.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

## Disarmament and Test Suspension

In the nature of the Cold War, nothing spectacular can be expected of the Geneva disarmament conference, but the side effects may be important. In particular, the prognosticator of international ailments must keep a watchful eye on the interactions between the disarmament talks and the other arena of negotiation in Geneva—the one concerned with the suspension of nuclear tests. The organic connections are obvious.

Little or no disarmament will emerge from Geneva in the calculable future for numerous reasons, which start with the fact that the Russians are primarily interested in liquidating American bases in Europe and putting the brakes on German rearmament, while the United States sees the bases as the only counter against present Russian missile superiority. As for Germany, James Reston of *The New York Times* said all that needs to be said when he pointed out that Chancellor Adenauer came to the United States "to exercise his veto over any change in United States policy toward Germany and Berlin, and he got what he wanted." The American proposals do not contain a single new item, and the very fact that the West Germans approve them indicates that the possibility of a rapprochement by the route the West has chosen is remote.

And yet, there the two sides sit, evenly matched and prepared—according to some reports—to talk for a year. The mere fact that the disarmament delegates are meeting, adjourning and meeting again will remind the neighboring test-suspension delegates that theirs is a much easier task, and actually much nearer to fruition. No one wants to resume testing except the Atomic Energy Commission and some pressure groups in the Pentagon. The political difficulties therefore are less severe, and as for the technological difficulties, one hundred and six professors at Baltimore's Johns Hopkins University and Goucher College have pointed out that East-West test-ban positions are "now very close as a result of mutual concessions." They plead for a resolution of remaining differences. The group of seventeen prominent scientists associated with the Democratic Advisory Council have put forward a highly promising plan for decreasing the spacing between detection stations and supplementing seismographic methods with a limited amount of aerial inspection, such as appears to be acceptable to the Russians. If the disarmament negotiators will only keep on negotiating, the breakthrough which the world longs for may occur on the other side of town, and that will set a good and hopeful example for the first set of talkers to follow.

## War by Accident — Dry Run

Anyone who imagines that Congressman Charles O. Porter's article on "Accident or Aggression?" in the March 5 *Nation* presented an exaggerated picture should have been in Santa Barbara, Calif., on the night of March 6. Just before midnight an engineer at broadcasting station KIST made the regular Sunday night studio test of the Red Alert Conelrad tape. The engineer did not know it, but the transmitter was still on the air and the output of the tape machine was connected to the transmitter. Listeners heard: "An enemy attack is imminent . . . this is not a test . . . this is not a test. . . ." This went on for seven minutes, while Santa Barbarans hurried to basement shelters, began filling tubs with water, or left their cars to dive into ditches. Then, since the city remained unincinerated, some began calling up the station, which was still repeating, "This is no drill . . . this is no drill." The station went back on the air and apologized. Presumably, the ICBMs are stringently safeguarded, but then broadcasting stations have safeguards to prevent exactly what happened in this instance—yet it happened. The lesson should not be lost on the statesmen who assume that the missiles poised on the launching pads will never be loosed inadvertently.

## Our Three-Party System

By accepting the ancient myth that ours is a two-party system, the press is giving the public an account of the current civil-rights debate which ignores the underlying realities. There are three strong parties in Congress today and they are about evenly matched. The press pictures the Dixiecrats as they picture themselves: a forlorn band of gallant, soft-spoken gentlemen fighting a numerically much larger coalition of Republicans and Northern Democrats to a standstill. In point of fact, the Dixiecrats are a tightly knit, well-disciplined group of tough-minded legislators who, by reason of seniority (and their seniority stems directly from the denial of suffrage to the Negro), monopolize the key committee chairmanships. Logically, the Republicans should be all-out for tough civil-rights legislation but, in an election year, they must do business with the sharp-bargaining Dixiecrats, who chair such strategic committees as Armed Services, Labor, Judiciary, Foreign Relations, Finance, Government Operations, Post Office, Banking and Currency, and Agriculture. Northern Democrats outnumber the Dixiecrats, but lack bargaining power since they cannot offer what the Dixiecrats want, namely, immunity from civil-rights legislation. Nor can the Northern Democrats bargain effectively with the Republicans on civil rights, since Republican votes are essential if any legislation is to be enacted. For all practical purposes, therefore, the bargaining takes place between Republicans and Dixiecrats, with the Republicans seeking to offer a bill which can be advertised as "civil rights" legislation but which will nevertheless be acceptable to the Dixiecrats —privately if not publicly.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

So a game of musical chairs is played. Over-anxious, the Northern Democrats offer excellent proposals which the well-disciplined Dixiecrats support with tongue-in-cheek, knowing that, in the full House, the Republicans can be relied upon to vote against any proposal which does not carry the GOP label. Then, in their turn, the Republicans offer still another watered-down variant of the original tricky Rogers proposal which the Northern Democrats find unacceptable. The Northern Democrats are unable to halt this process of attrition and yet, as the debate is reported, the public gets the impression that Republicans are for civil rights and Democrats are not.

There is a very real danger that Congress will eventually enact a Republican-sponsored "voting" measure which, although about as useful as a nine-dollar bill, the Northern Democrats may feel compelled to support as a tactic of desperation. If a hoax of this kind is perpetrated, it may so disillusion Southern Negroes in the possibility of political action as to give massive momentum to direct action sit-ins and similar demonstrations which can easily lead to violence. Should this happen, the primary responsibility will fall on the Republicans who, with Northern Democratic support, have the power to pass an honest civil-rights bill.

## Tinguely's Contraption

We feel great sympathy for Jean Tinguely, a Swiss artist who belongs to that noble company of missionary-aesthetes whose lives are dedicated to outraging convention. Spiritual son of Marcel Duchamp, he has seized on the nihilism of Dada and added motors to it—his work is mockery in motion. Out of scrap and delinquent technology, M. Tinguely has built machines that wheeze and jangle, flay their arms and shake their innards and plunge furiously into the exhausting work of doing nothing. He also produces devices which, a coin being dropped in the slot, will draw your own abstract for you, suitable for framing.

Most recently, M. Tinguely constructed a work of art that destroyed itself—or almost: certain details of timing were off and at one point a fireman stepped in with an extinguisher. This machine, 23 feet long by 27 feet high, contained, among other cast-off objects, eighty bicycle wheels, a piano, a child's go-cart, a bathtub, an addressograph machine, a meteorological balloon, saws, hammers, flames, a radio and rolls of paper. It was called "Homage to New York." Powered by fifteen motors controlled by eight timers, the edifice reduced itself to a shambles in half an hour.

Now this is outrageous behavior and right-thinking people should be made profoundly indignant; what are right-thinking people for if not to be made indignant at the appropriate moment? So you would expect that Tinguely set up his contraption in someone's remodeled stable, and that it went through its rites amid the guttering of candles and the reciting of Beat poetry. You would be wrong. The "occasion" took place in the sculpture garden of the Museum of Modern Art and was attended by an invited audience of the museum's most cherished friends and patrons. Alfred H. Barr, Jr., Director of Museum Collections, welcomed M. Tinguely with a few appreciative words, endorsements of other curators and critics were distributed, the performance was thoroughly official.

This is what protest has fallen to in our day—a garden party. Can any champion of irreverence think of a gesture M. Tinguely might make that would turn Mr. Barr gray with rage and send the museum's benefactors twittering in consternation back to their penthouses?

## The Graveyard

Davis-Monthan Air Force Base, Tucson, Arizona, is where old airplanes go. At present, 3,000 of them, originally valued at $2 billion, are lined up in silent rows awaiting their fate and furnishing pathos for the visiting journalist. Some will be reprieved and fly again, probably not for the Air Force but for less exacting federal agencies. The aircraft in storage include F-100 Super Sabres, F-101 Voodoos, F-102 Delta Daggers, F-104 Starfighters, F-105 Thunderchiefs. Besides the fighters there are transports, helicopters and bombers (including the B-36, never in combat, which cost the taxpayers $3.5 million apiece and would have made Grade A flying coffins if they had ever been sent into action). Technological obsolescence has overtaken these machines, and after they are stripped of usable parts, most of them—in the words of the journalist—will be "dragged like a protesting monster to the guillotine"—an eight-ton blade which is hoisted some fifty feet above the doomed aircraft and crash! chops off a wing, a nose, a tail section, which then goes to the melting furnace. The journalist failed to mention one consolation. With every drop of the guillotine, the Air Force writes a contract for a replacement aircraft or missile, and the taxpayer will shell out anew.

## Death of a Prophet

Youthful Senator Richard Neuberger died suddenly while the civil-rights filibuster was in full swing; his colleagues took time out to pay him tribute. The eulogies cover many pages of the *Congressional Record* for March 9. The Senate is always gracious on such occasions, of course, but this time the speeches conveyed a sense of bereavement the more remarkable in that Mr. Neuberger was a freshman Senator, generally considered only a very small cut above page boys. For us at *The Nation*, the comments of Senator Ernest Gruen-



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing (D., Alaska), a former editor of this publication, naturally were of particular interest.

> It was in the late summer of 1933 [Mr. Gruening said] that Dick dropped into the office of *The Nation*, of which I was then one of the editors, to report on what he had seen on his visit to Germany, from which he had just returned. Hitler had come into power only a few months before. . . .
>
> I asked Dick to write of [his visit] for *The Nation*, and he did so. He wrote an article entitled "The New Germany," which was published in the issue of October 4, 1933. It was the first realistic, first-hand revelation in any American magazine of what was taking place in Nazi Germany. . . . It was Dick's first literary contribution to any magazine of national circulation. . . .

This early venture into print proved, for Mr. Neuberger, the beginning of a writing career which prepared the way for his ultimate election to the Senate. Yet it is doubtful whether, in the course of a quarter-century of unremitting labor over his typewriter, he ever wrote anything quite as important, or which did him more credit as humanist, than this first piece for *The Nation*. At a time when many noted American tourists were reporting that the horrors attributed to Nazism were much exaggerated—among them were Mayor James Curley of Boston and Dean Henry Wyman Holmes of the Harvard Graduate School of Education—Mr. Neuberger poked around in the murky corners of Hitler's New Germany and found out that the worst and cruelest reports were only too true. What's more, he foresaw then that Hitler's advent must inevitably bring on war.

We think it worth while to reprint here the first two sentences of Mr. Neuberger's article:

> "Visit the New Germany," the American tourist reads in the advertising columns. . . . Embellished with photographs of picturesque scenery and stately cathedrals, the advertisements strive to persuade the tourist that Hitler's new Germany is virtually identical with the old Germany of charm and *Gemuetlichkeit*. . . .

Well, there is again a New Germany, and its *Gemuetlichkeit* is again spread over the advertising columns of newspapers and magazines. We at *The Nation* mourn Mr. Neuberger's death for personal reasons—and for professional reasons as well. One wonders what he would have written about the New Germany circa 1960.

---

# 'CHALLENGE' on the CAMPUS . . *by Dan Wakefield*

*New Haven, Conn.*

AT THE tables down at George and Harry's restaurant-bar in New Haven, a handful of Yale undergraduates who suspected that neither the *Whiffenpoof Song* nor the *Howl* of the Beats provided the ultimate answer to the young generation in America, conceived and initiated an idea called "Challenge." Now, a year later, the Challenge idea has not only become a primary topic of talk and activity at Yale, but has stirred more interest in dozens of college campuses throughout the country than anything since Gus Dorais and Knute Rockne invented the forward pass. Its aim is to "confront individuals with the crucial issues of today's world" and challenge American college students to stand up and take a part in dealing with them.

Last week, Challenge held its second colloquium at Yale on the topic of "American Democracy: Myth or Reality?", featuring such varied interpreters of the American Dream as A. Philip Randolph, Barry Goldwater, Harold Taylor and Thurgood Marshall. The first colloquium, held last December, presented "The Challenge of the Nuclear Age," with interpretations by Hubert Humphrey, Carlos Romulo, Gen. James Gavin and geneticist Dr. James Crow. The featured participants not only act as lecturers, but attend "coffee seminars" with the students to answer questions and present their views in a manner more informal than is possible from a platform.

The colloquiums are the feature each semester of a program that begins with evening gadfests, down at George and Harry's, meetings and discussions among students of each of Yale's ten colleges, discussions with campus professors on the semester's Challenge theme, and "lead-up" speakers to provide background information. The full-house audiences of last week's colloquium were made up not only of Yale students, but of more than 500 visiting undergraduates, from forty or so colleges around the country, who have started, or hope to start, Challenge programs on their own campuses.

THIS SPRING'S program began with some words by William C. Devane, Dean of Yale College, who explained that when several students came to him last year with the idea of Challenge, he told them he didn't think it would work, and he was glad to see now that he had been wrong. So much for the inspirational stimulus of the older generation. The three students who conceived the Challenge idea—Sam Bowles, Ralph Bryant and Richard Celeste—eventually got backing from Dean Devane and leading Yale faculty members, as well as important Yale alumni and New Haven civic leaders; but originally they were greeted by friendly skepticism on the part of their elders.

The students seem to have been far ahead of their adult advisers, both in desire and imagination. The Rev. William S. Coffin, Yale chaplain and one of the first faculty people to whom the students went for help, recalled recently that when

---

*DAN WAKEFIELD, author of* Island in the City, *is a frequent contributor.*



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they contacted him, "These fellows had thought of everything. They wanted to get the best people for the first colloquium, and they weren't kidding when they said the best. When they started out they wanted Camus, Schweitzer and Bertrand Russell. They were asking me last spring about how to go about getting Camus—they'd already written letters and had friends of his write letters—and I suggested that they get in touch with Germaine Brée, in New York, who wrote the book on Camus' work. One of the fellows said 'Oh yes, I'm having lunch with her tomorrow.'"

The three Challenge originators finally called a meeting with some of the faculty members to "pool ideas." Ralph Bryant, one of the student trio, explained that "We bought a jug of sherry and got eight or ten faculty members in and told them what we wanted to do. The faculty was pessimistic — because of a lack of funds."

THE students refused to share the pessimism. One of them, Richard Celeste, had won a $1,000 Yale undergraduate prize, and he contributed $700 of it to get the Challenge movement under way. That summer all three worked to raise funds, and through contributions from the New Haven Foundation and the Danforth Foundation, plus interested Yale alumni, they had $7,000 by November. They also had a list of sponsors, including Connecticut Governor Abraham Ribicoff, Rep. Chester Bowles (his son, Sam, was one of the movement's originators), New Haven Mayor Richard Lee, faculty members such as Henri Peyre and Harold Lasswell, and alumni including Arthur Watson, president of I.B.M., and Henry J. Heinz II, president of H. J. Heinz Company.

The Challenge originators were also far ahead of their elders in conceiving the operational aspect of the movement. The most obvious thing, of course, would have been to name a president, secretary and treasurer —the usual American procedure for getting things done whenever three people get together. But the students felt that it then might turn into just another campus political group, with factions and internal politics detracting from the real purpose. The three originators weren't looking for campus prestige—their records at Yale had already won them offers of Rhodes scholarships—and they decided to work on an informal basis, without official titles or offices, in nightly sessions at George and Harry's which anyone interested was welcome to attend. The maturity of the students involved can best be measured by the fact that this has worked.

Stephen Kass, a Yale junior who was one of the organizers of the Challenge spring colloquium, explained to a visitor that "We didn't want an 'Empire.' Everyone's welcome to our meetings, and the guys who come most often and take the most interest take the jobs that have to be done. But nobody has a title, and the work is passed around. The guys who organized the winter colloquium were mostly seniors, and they've stepped aside now and mostly juniors have done the work on this one. There are freshmen, sophomores and grad students, too. A graduate art student designed our literature and stationery. The fellow who's introducing A. Philip Randolph today is a freshman."

THE common ground on which these students of different ages, educational interests and political ideas have met is best summed up in the words of Challenge's own statement of origins and goals:

> As university students we are concerned with understanding the world in which we live. Yet we find that our environment is narrowing and fragmenting our awareness of the contemporary challenges. Our concern and sensitivity have become intellectualized and sophisticated to the point where we are unable to respond creatively to those crucial issues which are so complex that they often seem remote.

This sense of remoteness that so often hangs, like Fitzgerald's romantic mist, around the spires and towers of college campuses was vigorously dispelled during Yale's spring Challenge weekend. Although the featured speakers recited from the podium the same basic texts that they offer to all public gatherings from the Baptist Fish Fry to the Phi Beta Kappa luncheon, they were brought down off their oratorical heights in the coffee seminars—one of the most important aspects of the weekend colloquiums. In a quick stop-in tour at some of these student-speaker sessions, a visitor heard a Yale undergraduate question Philip Randolph on how a white college student could help bring about the integration of the segregated musicians' union locals in New Haven; Harold Taylor, the Leonard Bernstein of progressive education and former president of Sarah Lawrence College, was asked if he didn't think most American college students had to be *forced* into learning anything; Barry Goldwater, who, in his formal speech, had recommended the breakup of unions into autonomous local units, was asked if he would recommend the same program for General Motors.

ON THE Sunday of the Challenge weekend, more than fifty visiting students got together with some of the Yale men to discuss the problems and prospects of organizing a Challenge program on their own campuses. They were there from Antioch, Columbia, Smith, the University of Texas, Sarah Lawrence, Oberlin, Russell Sage and other schools of all types and sizes now involved in one stage or other with starting a Challenge program. Some wondered how such a program could be made successful on a small campus not as well known as Yale. Ralph Bryant commented:

"The most expensive thing is the colloquium, with outside speakers, but that isn't necessary, and we don't feel it's the most important thing we've done. Most colleges aren't able to throw a big colloquium, but they can get seminars and discussions going with professors on their own campus. We decided that our success shouldn't be measured in how many big names we got for colloquiums, or how many people attended, but how many individuals at Yale radically changed their lives—like deciding to go to work in Africa, or actually doing something about what's going on in the world."

Yale students have already begun to make that kind of response



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG,
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# THE HOFFMAN PLAN . . *by Jane Stolle*

TWO distinguished travelers returned from opposite corners of the world recently with the same words ringing in their ears: "We want aid—but on our own terms."

President Eisenhower listened to the Latin Americans and took note. Paul Hoffman, director of the U.N.'s Special Fund, took steps—had taken some even before he left for his recent swing through Asia.

As head of the branch of the U.N.'s Technical Assistance program concentrating on research and development projects which will pave the way for fruitful investment in underdeveloped countries, Hoffman hears the "aid-without-strings" plea daily. Former colonies, small countries no longer content to subsist at a starvation level on a one-crop economy, medium-sized countries tired of big-country hegemony — all are asking for one thing which, at the present time, the U.N. is unable to give them: massive, multilateral aid.

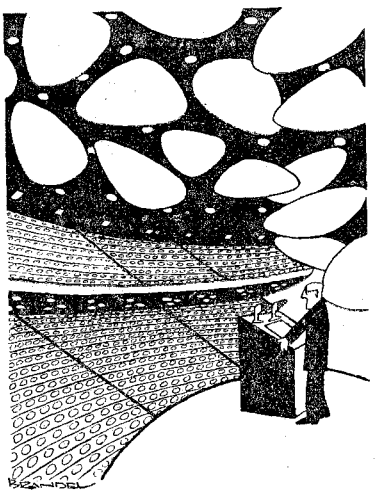
Hoffman, in a recent pamphlet, *One Hundred Countries — One and One-Quarter Billion People,* has some concrete proposals to make on how to get it to them. Businessmen will be interested in the subtitle: *How to Speed Their Economic Growth — and Ours.* He emphasizes eight points:

*1.* "Economic assistance is not charity, and it must not be so considered." The "have"-nation governments feel — rightly, Hoffman thinks — that tax money should not be used for give-away. Appositely, the "have-nots" lose their self-reliance and self-respect when they are charity cases.

*2.* "Economic assistance should be divorced from international politics." The attempt to buy good will with power-tainted money is neither efficacious nor welcome.

*3.* "It is urgent to speed and expand programs of technical assistance, especially work such as that of the U.N. Special Fund in surveying natural resources and training people" to make use of them.

*4.* "A steadily expanding world economy will be necessary." Hoffman, a true U.N. statesman, is troubled by the effect that common



markets — whether Middle Sixes or Outer Sevens — may have upon the developing economies of underdeveloped countries. "Liberal trade policies must be maintained so that the developing countries may earn their way as far as possible through their own exports and savings. . . ."

*5.* "Greater initiative and effort on the part of leaders and people of underdeveloped countries themselves will be necessary."

*6.* "Greatly expanded use should be made of the services of the U.N. and its specialized agencies operating in the development field." Not only is such multilateral aid more acceptable because it is "stringless," *but the U.N. can be "tough" — when "toughness" is called for — without being accused of seeking any political or commercial advantage.*

*7.* "There will have to be an increase in the flow of public and private investment capital from the industrialized countries to the less-developed countries from the present level of about $4 billion a year to an average of $7 billion a year, over the decade 1961-70." Of the $3 billion additional needed annually, increased private investment and easier-terms public bank loans could supply $1 billion; the rest must be supplied from other sources. "This will have to be public money supplied for investment in . . . highways, schools, training institutes, community services, communications, and so on — facilities which are not immediately revenue-producing, but which yield large returns in the generally increasing output of a developing economy." Though these may not be "bankable" loans, they are the best investments that far-seeing, industrialized countries can make. They are the means for speeding their economic growth — *and ours.* They are the trails leading to "a great new economic frontier"—as Hoffman puts it, a market of $320 billion over the next decade for the exports of all developed countries, of which $14 billion would end up in American pockets. This will be possible provided the one and one-quarter billion peoples of the underdeveloped countries are enabled to raise their per capita income by $25 in ten years — from $100 yearly, as it is now, to $125.

*8.* "The proposed International Development Association," Hoffman believes, "is admirably suited to make loans of this kind, but its proposed capitalization of $1 billion to be spread over five years is far too small." Ten billion dollars would come nearer to meeting the needs, and if and when the I.D.A. becomes a reality, as President Eisenhower has urged, its capitalization will either have to be expanded, or another institution set up to do the job that must be done, Hoffman says.

HOFFMAN is in the vanguard of men who are actually planning massive aid to underdeveloped countries. The trickle of technical and financial assistance that has flowed to those areas from private investment, the World Bank and other national or multi-national sources is dangerously small. Guinea, stripped of administrative and technical personnel and capital when she voted "no" to de Gaulle, appears to be flirting with East Germany. Soviet money and Czech technicians are helping her build up the underpinnings of a developing economy. All of Africa is on the move toward the twentieth century, and most of Africa is potentially rich. But it will take time to turn her forests and her minerals and her fields into negotiable securities. Will she become a pawn in the East-West struggle—and have to choose up sides, as Guinea seems to be doing?

Mr. Hoffman says, no, not necessarily.

---

*JANE STOLLE is* The Nation's *U.N. correspondent.*



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to the challenge they have been presented with. Twelve undergraduates are going to Africa this summer to build schools; a half-dozen have applied to teach in Nigeria next year; eight Yale students were the first Northern collegians to initiate a sympathy picketing for the Negro sit-in strikers at Southern lunch counters. On the weekend of the Challenge colloquium, Yale student Al Lowenstein spoke at a rally which raised several hundred dollars for the Negro students expelled from Alabama State College.

There is, according to the student leaders, a marked increase in political activity on all sides. "Before," one of them said, "it was just a small clique that took part in political activities. All the political groups have come to life this year, both on the Right and the Left. We got Bill Buckley for a Challenge speech before the student Conservative Society did, and they had to get on the ball. The same kind of thing has happened with the liberal groups."

The aim of Challenge has not been to build up any particular partisan group, but to destroy what it calls "privatism" — the withdrawal into one's personal affairs to the neglect of the world around them. In a résumé for other colleges called "Organizing a Challenge-Type Program," the Yale students explained that one of the basic problems is deciding "whether the program will advocate openly a particular political point of view or will remain aloof from expressing a preference for one side or other of the political spectrum." Although "all of us have strong political ideas," the Yale students decided to keep the movement non-partisan, in order to appeal to a wider group of students and sponsors. "By seeming to rise above purely political issues, the program will influence many people who consider politics somewhat unworthy of their attention. . . . It will be somewhat frustrating not being able to advocate your own political feelings, since you will have to try to present both sides. Also, the group will not be able to take political action as a group, but only as individuals. . . ."

THIS is the course that the Yale students decided on, and it has already proved its success. Editorials in many college newspapers have praised it as the answer to the way up from apathy, and institutions which have not yet begun similar programs have sounded notes of guilt and hope. Perhaps the most eloquent came from *The Sophian,* the Smith College newspaper, which announced plans for a Challenge program at Northampton beginning next fall. Speaking of the vital need for it. *The Sophian* said:

> So, sometimes we write home to mummy and daddy about the World Situation, and occasionally we mention it to dear ol' Joe. Dear Joe smiles and asks us to dance.
>
> We think of the money America spends on beer and cigarettes and we worry about the economy, and democracy, and things, when we see another TV antenna go up across the street. We remember "The News of the Week in Review" as we re-read *Vogue.* We frown about our culture and its values as we tip the Negro waiters, and we promise we'll talk about the image of America sometime to somebody when we tour Europe this summer.
>
> We muse, and shake our well-brushed heads, and say America's challenge is Soviet communism, and we can't fight that, can we? When we get out of school, maybe. In the meantime it can all slide off our shiny heads, our feminine shoulders, our manicured hands. Bravely we can look to the future, stars in our eyes, thinking that someday we too shall do great things.
>
> We're the very picture of American Youth. We gaze at the wide horizons of the world before us, with a questioning mind, filled with faith, hope and charity. We forget that challenge, like charity, begins at home.

The best critique of this "silent generation" has come not from Kenneth Rexroth or the editors of *Time,* but from one of its own undergraduate observers; the best challenge to its role in the future has come not from parents or professors, but from its own campus leaders.

# The Impotent Suburban Vote . . *by Robert C. Wood*

ACCORDING to most observers today, suburbia is a great American dream come true — or, at any rate, partially true. A yearning for grassroots living pulls city-dwellers to the countryside, persuades them to invest their higher incomes in ranch houses, barbecue grills, grass seed and septic tanks. A vision of a pastoral scene turns potato fields into mass developments, transforms sleepy half-rural towns into commuter bedrooms, gives a whole generation of children a first-hand knowledge of green grass and fresh air, and changes the family habits of the nation. Underwritten by unparalleled prosperity, supported by ingenious technology, accentuated by economic trends which push jobs as well as people into the hinterlands, the dream is reality for almost fifty million Americans.

Yet the fulfillment of one man's dream is often the realization of another's nightmare. The tip-toe-back-to-nature movement may delight the souls of real-estate brokers, architects, bankers, contractors and the makers of home appliances. But it spells trouble for suburban school superintendents wrestling with the influx of new families, traffic engineers juggling new patterns of commuter movements, conservationists watching land being chewed up in hundred-acre bites, transit operators faced with mounting deficits. It calls forth prophecies of gloom

*ROBERT C. WOOD, author of* Suburbia: Its People and Their Politics *and other studies of the new suburbia, teaches political science at M.I.T.*



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from family counselors concerned with the disappearance of grandmothers from the fireside circle and from experts in local finance caught in a web of spiraling tax rates. And it comes close to striking terror in the hearts of professional politicians.

THE REASONS for the politicians' concern are not hard to understand. For one thing, the rise of the suburb means change — physical, economic and social transformations on a massive scale and at a rapid pace. Twelve million Americans do not move in ten years without provoking dislocations in the *status quo*; and though the words "explosion" and "revolution" are overworked descriptions of the suburban migration, they are not inaccurate. Second, the experts are not all unanimous in their explanations of the origins of the dream. It may be simply another token of the drive toward middle-class respectability, taking its place alongside of the new car and the dishwasher as evidence that another status-seeking family has "arrived." Or it may spring from a simple, basic instinct to escape the tumult of the man-made city and return to the soil. Each of these interpretations carries quite different political implications: whether the inner drive toward recognition takes precedence over the pulling power of the "little place in the country" is an issue vital to a campaigner.

Thus, the politician is faced with his worst enemy: a big change obscurely understood. Like the faithful college alumnus, he is instinctively predisposed against any change; it makes his professional job of maintaining stability more difficult and carries personal occupational hazards. From local alderman to Presidential candidate, every man who runs for public office necessarily works on a set of assumptions about the nature of his electorate. To see his constituency not only move between elections, but be reshuffled, upset in its living habits and beliefs, and not to be sure why, shakes his operating strategy to its foundations.

Further, the size of the shift means that more than local elections are involved. Although there are as many definitions of suburbs as there are shades of blondes, the 50 million who can be classified as suburbanites today by the Census Bureau, compare to 61 million who live in the central city and urban fringes of metropolitan areas, about 25 million in smaller urban places and about 42 million in rural areas. Conservatively, then, one out of four Americans are suburbanites. If the present trends continue, by 1975 the total number of suburban residents can easily exceed 85 million — representing about 80 per cent of the new population growth. To this factor of sheer numbers should be added the propensity of eligible suburban voters to exercise their legal prerogatives. According to figures compiled by G. E. Janosik, 89 per cent of the registered voters in 33 suburban counties turned out in the 1952 Presidential elections. Under these circumstances, a suburban "bloc" — if it exists — is the decisive voice in national elections, and the fortunes of national public figures and national parties are at stake.

THE politician's natural distaste for change has been intensified, in the case of suburbia, by postwar folklore about the suburban man. Some of the earliest — and most plausible — interpretations have argued that the suburbanite is not just an American who moved. He is a new American, his personality transformed by his exposure to the half-open spaces, his attitudes dramatically altered by the acquisition of a mortgage and a power lawn mower. The man escaping from the city is a man freed from party loyalties of the past, a man with a new outlook on political issues.

To the candidate, this possibility has implied a new set of complications. The suburban voter is often believed to have "a politically independent state of mind." He is thought to respond to a different approach, as Mr. Harriman undertook in his well-publicized shirtsleeve visit to a Long Island cookout. The dilemma is pinpointed by a Massachusetts state senator, whose district included both city and suburban wards. "I'm a split personality now," the senator confided recently. "You can't wear a sports shirt and a stiff collar on the same TV program. But it's not just the campaigning that is different — speeches in one place and coffee hours in another. It's deeper than that. My city people still know who they're against and what they want. My suburbanites seem to love everybody and want everything."

Disruptive as the new image of the suburbanite has been to all politicians, it had at least until 1958 brought joy to Republican circles. The "conversion" theory not only makes suburban residents ready converts to the small-town style of politics, substituting symbols of homeownership and community duty for class and sectional loyalties: since the small town is typically the wellspring of conservative sentiment, it also presumably enhances the appeal of the GOP.

Thus, in 1952, leaders in both parties tended to read the rise of the suburbs as a powerful factor in the Eisenhower victory. Suburban pluralities for Eisenhower in six key states outweighed Stevenson's city pluralities by 243,000, enough to be decisive in the outcome for each. In New York, Illinois and Pennsylvania, nearly half of the Republican plurality was provided by the suburban



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

counties. Seventeen out of twenty-four suburban Congressional districts around the twenty largest metropolitan areas chose Republican Representatives that year. Between 1948 and 1952, the suburbs in the fifteen largest metropolitan areas increased their Republican plurality from 773,000 to 1,688,000. On a first reading of the record, Robert Taft could claim exultantly that "The Democratic Party will never win another national election until it solves the problem of the suburbs." Jacob Arvey could sourly agree that "The suburbs beat us." The new man, it seemed, to the degree he was a partisan at all, was a Republican man.

EVENTS since 1952 have been discouraging to the advocates of the "conversion" theory and to the Republican Party. A closer reading of suburban ballots cast since 1948 shows that the size of the Republican pluralities was the result of Democratic defections in the cities, not Republican gains in the suburbs. Between the 1948 and the 1952 elections, the central cities in the fifteen largest metropolitan areas showed a greater shift to the Republicans than did the suburbs. If the ranks of the Democrats had held fast in the five largest of the key cities in 1952, Stevenson would have had a majority of the total suburban-city vote in these areas. In 1956, the same trend continued, the Republicans making greater inroads in each major city than in the surrounding suburbs (exceptions were Los Angeles and San Francisco).

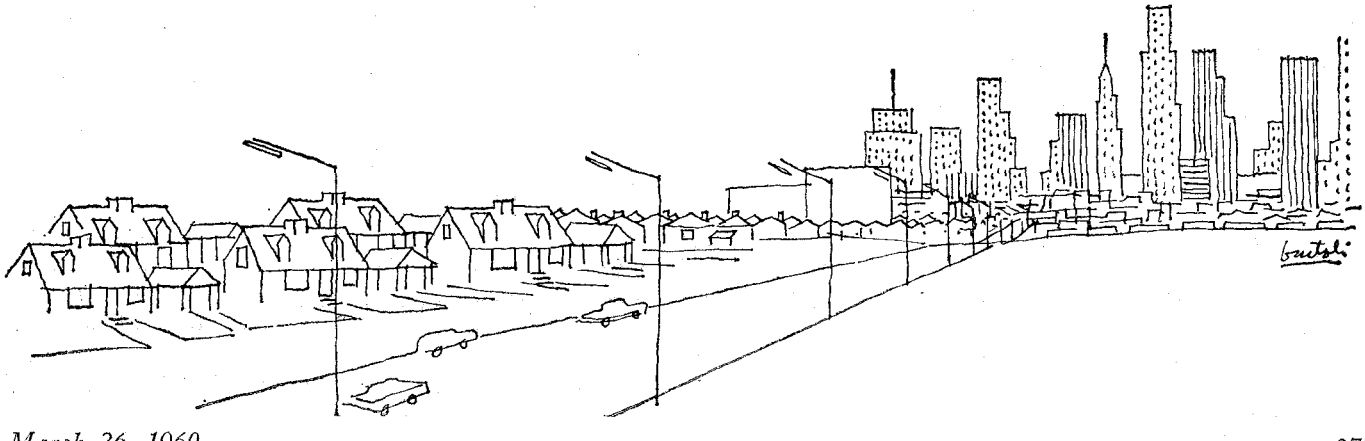
Obviously, it was not just suburbanites in these elections which led to the Democratic crack-up. In his 1952 and 1956 post-mortem election interviews, Samuel Lubell found that the neighborhoods from which suburbanites had moved showed a heavier Republican shift than the new election districts they now inhabited. And in the non-Presidential year of 1958, votes in the suburbs surrounding central cities tended to move again in the same direction as the cities themselves.

These parallel shifts of city residents and their suburban neighbors suggest that the voter is not "converted" so much as he is transplanted. Social and economic standing, ethnic background, religious affiliation and family political tradition remain the major factors influencing the vote regardless of where the voter is found.

THE "transplantation" theory does not leave the national political game where it was before the Model T, however. As an individual, the former city resident may be politically unaffected by his move, but the pattern of the total migration has had some important effects on party fortunes. The loss of population in the central city and corresponding increase in the suburbs means that in Congressional and state legislative elections, suburbanites tend to be under-represented. Between 1952 and 1956, in the nine largest metropolitan areas, the total vote cast in city Congressional districts declined by more than 400,000. For the twenty-six suburban seats, the total vote rose by more than 400,000. Not only are all suburbanites losing political influence in relation to their numbers, but Republicans are placed at a particular disadvantage. With higher-income families moving out, city and inner suburbs are left with more Democrats among their smaller populations. Moreover, Republicans tend to move into already solidly Republican suburbs, while Democrats are most likely to settle in contested districts. Thus, in non-local legislative contests, city districts go automatically to the Democrats, and in the suburbs, when two-party races develop, each Democratic vote counts for more.

It is this combination of transplanted people in compartmentalized voting districts that led Lubell to wonder if "the Republicans can ever hope to capture control of Congress again." And it is this combination, taken together with the importance of personality in Presidential campaigns, that raises the prospect of a national government divided between a Democratic Congress and Republican President not just as a rare event, but as standard operating procedure.

QUITE apart from the almost accidental disruptions of the new political arithmetic, there may be an even deeper impact. Observers in a number of suburbs report not so much a shift between parties, as a deemphasis on all politics, especially party politics. While the suburban voter may not change his colors, he's wearing them more casually and, especially at the local level, he seems inclined to disavow partisanship as an effective means of conducting the public business. For those philosophical believers in party government and the role of parties per se in a democratic society, this "do-it-yourself" tendency is disturbing. Party regulars can continue business as





LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

usual — but their business becomes less and less important.

In many suburbs, of course, this new style simply reflects the fact that a good two-party fight is no longer feasible. As the clustering effect of "like seeking like" continues in the migration, each suburban voting district tends to become predominantly one party or another. The smaller the district, the less likely it is that a respectable minority exists to contest any election. Each community retires behind its own political barricades, secure from any real challenge by the other.

But an even deeper antagonism against the party appears to be at work. With memories or legends of the old city boss engraved on his mind, the suburbanite tends to deprecate the usefulness of the party politician. He partakes of an independence, in Janosik's words, "so fierce that the extent of political activity on election day is the distribution of small sample ballots at the polls and occasionally bringing an elderly lady by automobile to vote." He indulges in a new cult of urban localism, described by an Illinois study commission as "a devotion to the history, traditions, folkways, politics, housing arrangements, zoning laws and a hundred other things individually associated with each of the communities." In these circumstances, in place of outright politicians, the suburbanite looks to "wheels" to spark civic affairs, "goes it alone" in deciding public issues, reaches for a consensus among right-thinking citizens to replace compromise among partisan-thinking men. When he discovers that cliques, factions and elites still operate under the cloak of neighborliness, he retreats into political apathy.

IT IS of course even more difficult to gauge the importance of the no-party trend in suburbia, the erosion of customary American political practices, than it is to ferret out the motivations for the suburban dream, or to calculate the effect of population shifts on the two major parties. But it is at least clear that one result of more people moving into smaller towns has been to reduce the likelihood of vigorous political activity, party or otherwise. Whether or not the drive for middle-class acceptability or the search for green utopias is the major force behind the suburbs, their existence as political entities means an increase in political insularity and parochialism.

The separate social clusters we are developing, the new localism we are establishing, the abandonment of the city as a melting pot in which unlike people learn some tolerance, the ghettos we now enclose in boundary lines, all speak for the weakening of the political instruments required to conduct common affairs. As we strive, on the local basis, to get the right industry in town, or to keep the wrong people out, as we scramble to evade local taxes and to put the state hospital or juvenile delinquent home in someone else's backyard, we are unlikely to solve the domestic problems which, in fact, may be the key political issues of the day. Under present arrangements, there is no chance for suburbanites to vote directly on what kind of commuter transportation they desire, where they wish parks to be within the region, or how they propose to develop the open spaces which are left. With no real mechanism for expressing their collective opinions, suburbanites have, in effect, disenfranchised themselves. The suburban vote is important not because it is different from the national vote at large. It is important because it is stubbornly divided against itself.

# Hoffa in the Garden . . .

*N. E. Parmentel, Jr.*

JOLTING Jimmy Hoffa, the most battle-scarred Young Lochinvar out of the West since Stan Ketchel came out of Hamtramck, was the main eventer at Madison Square Garden one night last week. At this latter-day Michigan Assassin's Garden debut, Jimmy dazzled ringsiders with some fancy footwork and his surprise secret punch — a stiff Left hook.

Host at the clambake was New York Teamster's Joint Council, claiming over 150,000 members in "everything that moves," as prexy Johnny O'Rourke likes to say. That night, however, only about 9,000 of the faithful showed to honor Hoffa, the brotherhood's beleaguered international president. Unorganized New York cab drivers were urged to attend, but O'Rourke's gravelly plea fell on deaf hackie ears.

The Garden was bedecked with bunting, huge pictures of Hoffa and banners blaring a "WELCOME JIMMY." The O'Rourke boys had assembled a show emceed by Phil Foster, a bellowing Henny Youngman. First act was a pair of jugglers, late of the Ed Sullivan show. They were replaced by some Latin Quarter tumblers who cavorted while Foster gave us some humor-cum-wisdom on life. After a while this jokester introduced The Mariners, who obliged with some songs with no discernible resemblance to sea chanteys.

Foster leaped back onstage, whistling and urging a "real Teamster welcome" for Alan Dale, who would look good booked into Chez Joey. Dale, who was accompanied by three female violinists in cerise-pink, sang some stock Italianate numbers, while Teamsters greeted him with "sing some Irish songs." This act was followed by a band playing *Paso Dobles* while some Spanish dancers looked sultry. The Teamsters all cried *"Ole!"*

Phil reclaimed our attention with the Teamster Theme, to the tune of *The Caissons Go Rolling Along* — and "if you ain't got the words make 'em up." After two false starts, we were rolling merrily along with "Drivers, clerks, canners too/Is to mention but a few" and "Organized, one and all/We may trip but never fall" at the fever pitch demanded by the *maestro*. This concluded the

*NOEL E. PARMENTEL, Jr., has contributed articles on politics and labor to several national magazines.*



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

entertainment and Jimmy Hoffa came striding down the aisle.

The union boss, a short-legged, broad-shouldered dynamo, gave O'Rourke a bear hug, posed for pictures and greeted the brass on the platform. To one side stood Harold Gibbons, "Hoffa's Egghead," and one of the most interesting and complex men in the American labor movement. If Gibbons viewed the orangutans around him with distaste, he hid it well and was as convivial as O'Rourke, Bernie Adelstein or Patsy Crapanzano.

HOFFA'S speech was a long one. He is not an accomplished orator, having neither the style of John L. Lewis, the wit of Harry Bridges, the crazy-like-a-foxy-grandpa technique of Jimmy Petrillo, or the cold brilliance of Walter Reuther. His grammar is that of an intelligent working man and he stumbles over words. But he held his audience fast for well over an hour in one of the most amazing labor speeches since the war.

The first and weakest part of his speech was a defense of the Teamsters against its enemies. Although the Teamsters are now scapegoats dear to the heart of politicians everywhere, the smell of the brotherhood still bears little resemblance to that of a rose. True, there are heavy administration problems in such size, and the mess left by Dan Tobin and Dave Beck would make the Augean stables look like Gramercy Park. But many a hood and racketeer has found a happy home in the World's Biggest Union.

Hoffa was on firmer ground when he attacked. He gave the McClellan committee unshirted hell and it is high time that somebody, even Jimmy Hoffa, gave these Holy Joes the business. He charged government, press and labor with an agreement to discriminate against, harass, persecute and interfere with the Teamsters. His personal venom was reserved for the Kennedy family. Here, several times, his emotions overcame his reason. At another point he was carried away sufficiently to attack the working press, calling them "poison pens and stooges" to cheers from the members.

Adversity is sweet to this tough little fighter. But although his attack was more interesting than the straight you're-another school, it was still a harangue and I was completely unprepared for the final part of the Hoffa speech, a militant, radical program for American labor unheard in the land since the days of the old John L. Lewis. (Lewis, by the way, is Hoffa's hero.) In this era, when even the industrial unionist has gone uptown and joined the Establishment, Hoffa's speech was revolutionary. He called for one big union and the general strike — ingeniously avoiding the ban on secondary boycotts by a plan to have all contracts expire on the same day. He defended the use of the Fifth Amendment. He called for an immediate $1.50 minimum-wage law and unfolded his plan to wreck the seniority system in Congress. He finally called for an alliance among workers, farmers and Negroes as the base for a national political movement.

Whatever Hoffa's faults, he is tough, brave and articulate. His political influence at this point is negligible and Jack Kennedy counts Hoffa's all-out opposition among his greatest advantages. Personally, I find Hoffa much more refreshing than, say, a pat *serioso* like Walter Reuther, a whining main-chancer like James Carey or a heavy-handed dullard like George Meany. This trio's efforts to make Hoffa labor's leper have done him little harm. He is in solid with his membership, which is flourishing. His plans to organize "everything that moves" may yet give him veto power over the national economy.

Well, God Save the Mark if this curious little man ever attains this power. Despite his protests, his ideas have corporate-state implications and it takes no great imagination to see him "getting together" with like-minded figures in business and industry. He remains the most arresting figure on the labor scene and is head and shoulders above his shoddy, sinecured sycophants. No mealy-mouthed rote-liberal "labor statesman," he is a roughneck and makes no bones about it.

# POLITICS AND CHESSMAN . . *by Richard Meister*

*Sacramento, Calif.*
WHEREAS, an extraordinary occasion has arisen and now exists . . . I, Edmund G. Brown, Governor of the State of California, by virtue of the power and authority in me vested . . . do hereby convene the session . . . to consider and act upon legislation abolishing the death penalty. . . .

It was a fight that the Governor couldn't win, and Pat Brown knew it, as he squared off against the legend of Caryl Chessman, the political expediencies of an election year, and the same legislature which just a year earlier had rebuffed all abolition efforts.

As a matter of fact, it was no contest, political or otherwise. Or, if it was, the politics were indeed strange. The leader refused to lead, handling his mission so that it had the least possible chance of success, the while openly predicting his own defeat. It was more like a theatrical performance — with most of the Western world as audience.

In the beginning, though, it seemed like an actual contest. The Governor, acceding to the pressures of conscience and what one newspaper called "an angry world watching California," granted Chessman a sixty-day reprieve less than ten hours before Chessman's eighth scheduled execution was to take place. "I want the people of California, through the legislature, to express themselves once more on capital punishment,"

*RICHARD MEISTER is a California political writer.*



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Brown said in explanation. Later, he temporarily reprieved three other men scheduled for the gas chamber.

The reaction was immediate and violent, exploding into a political furor unusual even in this tempestuous state, and putting Brown under greater pressure than ever. The world was happy, but anger had come to California.

The Governor's mail, which on the eve of the scheduled execution had been running ten to one in the condemned man's favor [see "Who Hates Chessman?", *The Nation*, Feb. 20] took a sudden reversal. Legislators of both parties bombarded him with cries of righteous indignation; abortive movements for impeachment and recall were started; the press blasted away at him. Some of the Democratic Governor's own staff, as well as many of his strongest legislative supporters (most of whom oppose the death penalty in principle) were furious because he had, in effect, tossed the Chessman case to the legislature — where a hundred of the 120 seats are to be contested in November. The controlling Democrats' election-year harmony suddenly went sour and, in official circles, Brown's political star was sinking rapidly.

RELUCTANCE to debate the explosive issue of capital punishment in an election year was not the only factor involved in the violent reaction of the legislature. Some legislators argued that although they were opposed to the death penalty, they wanted to push Caryl Chessman into the gas chamber. Others asserted that the death-penalty issue couldn't be debated fairly because of the "hysteria" and public pressure engendered by the case. (But few acknowledged that the "hysteria" was a direct result of the existence of capital punishment, that politicians don't *always* have to buckle to mob clamor, or that the basic issue at stake might transcend vote-chasing or the personality of Chessman.)

At the outset, Brown promised to "do everything within my power" for the abolition proposal. But within a week, he was backing off in the face of widespread predictions of a "bloody battle," offering abolition

*Governor Brown*

proponents an alternate strategy — that of having "outside groups" bring pressure on the legislature. As for himself, he would do no more than submit the proposal. Thus, he indicated, he would be saving himself for future political battles — including a renewal of the abolition fight in 1961.

Some abolitionists joined the maneuver, not necessarily because they felt it would prove immediately successful, but because they felt the cards were too highly stacked against Brown; they felt that an all-out fight now would only harm chances of passing an abolition bill even in some future legislature freed of the pressure of the Chessman case. Others, in the knowledge that the only "outside pressures" on this issue which ever seem to be effective are those for *retention* of capital punishment, continued to demand gubernatorial leadership.

The public, generally unaware of Brown's new strategy, suddenly and belatedly rushed to his support. Although most legislators reported their mail still favored the death penalty, thousands of letters began pouring into Brown's office praising him for risking his political career to fight the "horror of the death penalty — an affront to human dignity which brutalizes society and neither protects the innocent nor deters the wicked." But Governor Brown hadn't waited this turn; he'd counted heads in the legislature and discovered what he already knew — that he didn't have the votes.

From the moment the Governor submitted his proposal, he began to admit openly that he expected nothing to come of it. The legislature's Democratic leadership — itself split over the capital-punishment issue — handled the affair with the sole purpose in mind of stifling controversy in an election year and of getting their Governor out of a tight spot as quickly as possible. So the proposal, introduced as a bill by six Democratic senators, was immediately submitted to the senate, where burial by committee was foreordained. The result might have been much different had submission been to the less conservative lower house, which has several times approved abolition bills only to see them killed by its senatorial confreres.

At the sixteen-hour committee hearing on the bill — the members worked overtime to make sure of disposing of it at one sitting — the defenders of capital punishment came up with —

¶A district attorney who admitted that the death penalty doesn't deter crime, but insisted that this was no argument, since the primary purpose of criminal law is retribution — "to punish the evil and reward the good."

¶A police chief who warned that subversive forces are steering society toward a Utopia where rehabilitation will be the function of the law.

¶A minister who insisted that "Governments were ordained to wreak God's vengeance on mankind."

¶Another district attorney who, attempting to show the danger of committing a man to life imprisonment rather than executing him, displayed a pile of dangerous weapons (taken from convicts, he said), one of which "still carries the blood from the heart of a murdered guard." But under questioning, he had to admit that not a single one of the weapons had been taken from a lifetermer, and that, indeed, "lifers" are among the best behaved of prisoners.

¶J. Miller Leavy, Chessman's zealous prosecutor, who now came up with a bit of information he had apparently been withholding for months: that Barbara Graham, subject of a popular movie which had indicated the possibility that she



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

might have been wrongly convicted, had confessed her guilt just before she was executed in 1955.

Clearly the Governor's proposal did serve a useful purpose, after all: it exposed to public view the caliber of opposition which has kept American penology from wholly entering the twentieth century.

Proponents of abolition offered the committee the usual impressive statistics tending to prove the futility of capital punishment as a deterrent to crime. And while the proponents made a tactical mistake, perhaps, by putting on the stand George Davis, Chessman's chief attorney, and actress Phyllis Kirk, heavily laden with makeup, they nevertheless presented some effective witnesses: a former police chief, several prison wardens, clerics of the major faiths, and a psychiatrist who seemed to upset some of the committee members by arguing that there is something of the "killer" in "all of us."

There really was no surprise in the 8 to 7 committee vote against the bill. Yet, had the Chessman case not been involved, the outcome might have been different. One committee member, who said he was against capital punishment, nevertheless voted "No" for fear that the legislature would become embroiled in the case.

THE STRATEGY employed by the Democrats through all this maneuvering may have been cowardly, but apparently it has accomplished its major purposes. The pressures on the Governor have relaxed, and the defeat of his proposal in committee has permitted the Democrats to return to their regular legislative duties with their unity fairly intact. This is a good augury for the future; if abolition is ever approved by the California legislature, only a unified Democratic legislative bloc can do the job.

The ultimate fate of capital punishment, however, rests with the people. And it was among the people that Governor Brown's move for abolition, weak though it was, had its greatest effect. Mass meetings were organized throughout the state; capital punishment became a common topic for dinner-table conversation; and the press, while unanimously opposed to the Governor, gave his abolition message widespread publicity.

Killing Chessman, say some legislators, is the only way to repeal the death penalty in California. Perhaps Chessman will become a human sacrifice, but there are several other possibilities which have now moved into the realm of probabilities because of a condemned man's twelve-year fight for life and a Governor's confused courage.

Between them, they've stirred up a great debate. Its conclusion may well be abolition — either through a hesitant legislature made less hesitant by strong public opinion, or through something more than sham leadership by the Governor and his party, or through a referendum by the people themselves.

Meanwhile, twenty-one people await extermination in California's gas chamber, with Governor Brown almost powerless to save them. Californians, joined by an "angry world," have just witnessed another performance in a tragic drama, but there's every reason to believe that the show is finally running out its course.

# LETTERS

(*Continued from inside front cover*)

tremendous responsibility of keeping the peace. . . .

One can only hope that students will correlate such articles as Mr. Porter's with such excellent works as Nevil Shute's *On the Beach* and learn from inference where experience is lacking.

STEPHEN BERNSTEIN
Franklin & Marshall College
*Lancaster, Pa.*

*Yale University's "Challenge" program, described by Dan Wakefield on page 268 of this issue, is relevant to Mr. Bernstein's dilemma.* — ED.

*Dear Sirs*: I was very impressed with Congressman Porter's article. It frightened me more than anything I have ever read. That fear is intensified by the realization that I and other people who dread the nuclear war which seems the inevitable result of the armaments race are apparently outnumbered, or at least outspoken, by the people who say they fear the spread of communism more than nuclear destruction.

EVELYN M. BERREMAN
*El Cerrito, Calif.*

## Chicago's Corruption

*Dear Sirs*: As a native Chicagoan, may I applaud "Corruption in Chicago" by Leon M. Despres (*The Nation*, March 12, 1960). Unerringly accurate though he is in locating the formal causes for the city's multiple woes — that is, the nature of the local governmental structure — he does not bring to light the material causes, which are to be found in the beneficiaries of the system outside the political machines and the circle of slum landlords.

If I may oversimplify a bit, Chicago is a complex of entrepreneurs, large and small, from local tavern-keepers and small retailers to major industrialists, bankers and trade-union leaders, plus millions of wage earners (many transient), with a numerically diminishing, salaried and more or less educated middle class sandwiched impotently in between.

The structure of government suits the enterpreneurs, large and small. For the political machine, in addition to protecting vice, also extends its favors to local legal entrepreneurs — first, by winking at many violations of regulatory laws and, second, by conferring tax benefits of a kind that would not be conferred by a government committed to an extensive program of municipal improvement. . . .

The basic issue here is whether or not more of the income locally generated is to be devoted to necessary public uses. As it is, too much goes into private pockets for disposition outside the city. Most of the city's leading entrepreneurs live in the suburbs. They educate their children in the suburbs and in Eastern universities. They frequently vacation elsewhere. . . .

Many, perhaps most, of the entrepreneurs deplore the spectacle as much as anyone else. They fail, however, to see their own central role in it. And Chicago newspapers continue to castigate politicians and "governmental inefficiency" while extolling private enterprise. . . .

FERDINAND LUNDBERG
*Chappaqua, N.Y.*



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# BOOKS and the ARTS

## Japan: The Wishful Travelers

*MEETING WITH JAPAN*. By Fosco Maraini. Viking Press. 468 pp. $8.50.
*THE BRIDGE OF THE BROCADE SASH*. By Sacheverell Sitwell. World Publishing Co. 314 pp. $8.50.
*JAPANESE*. By Cecil Beaton. John Day Co. 164 pp. $12.50.
*LIVING JAPAN*. By Donald Keene. Doubleday & Co. 224 pp. $7.95.

***Donald Richie***

FOREIGN ATTITUDES toward Japan change and the century that has passed since the opening of the country has seen a good many. The original attitude was perhaps most succinctly stated in Henry Adams' 1886 letters when he wrote: "This is a child's country. . . . Nothing is serious, nothing is taken seriously. All is toy; some, as with the women, badly made and repulsive; sometimes laughable, as with the houses, gardens, and children."

Many others were later pleased to note a nursery quality and Victor Hugo, a writer who never came to the country, seems to have said that Japan was "the child of the world's old age." Hugo doubtless did not intend his remark in any literal sense, but nineteenth-century travelers usually agreed in finding the country quaint, and toward the end of the century there appeared a number of travel books, usually by ladies who used their full middle names, in which Japan became the "wee country," or "the land of topsy-turvy," or the like.

This attitude, still prevalent and still doing the country a disservice, is aggravated by the Japanese who, perhaps initially misunderstanding "picturesque" as a term of unqualified approval, began to capitalize upon these very aspects of the country. To be sure, something must be said for those early travelers (and perhaps even for these later); even before the tourist boom, the spectacle of Japan was something with which no mere visitor could be expected to cope; it was so different from elsewhere that the number of possible attitudes was, initially at any rate, severely limited.

Limited, as a matter of fact, to two. One could either remain completely outside, completely reject; or one could be taken completely in, accept completely. In the former category one finds Townsend Harris, who refused to remove his shoes when walking upon *tatami* — a feat satisfactorily emulated by George Bernard Shaw during his somewhat later visit. The line would include Lafcadio Hearn in his later years, Paul Claudel (who could never forgive the country for not being Roman Catholic) and — more recently — Arthur Koestler.

In the other category, equally as total and only slightly less unfair to the country, is the like of Julien Viaud, who — under the name of Pierre Loti — romanticized the consequences of infatuation. The line would include the young Lafcadio Hearn and today its progeny are numerous, including such personalities as Shirley MacLaine and Marlon Brando.

YET, within the categories are variations: Maraini, Sitwell and Beaton are all on Loti's side, but their books are quite different. Maraini's is a popular account and it is entirely fitting that it should have become a book-club choice on both sides of the Atlantic. Fitting too that it should have received the most enthusiastic advance press of any book ever written on Japan. London's Japan Society puts it in the same class with Brinkely's *A History of the Japanese People* and Chamberlain's *Things Japanese*; Sir Harold Nicolson, a man who rarely praises anything and who, disliking Japan, left it after a few days, has called it "truly delightful."

Which is not perhaps the word to describe this massive compilation of comment and description by a man who should know Japan extremely well. Though Maraini was in the country before the war, was interned after the Italian armistice in 1943, returned and stayed, apparently, until 1956 (at least there are no references after that date), the reader of his exhausting and irritating book wonders at his temerity in introducing anything to anyone.

One of the reasons for the exhaustion is that, like all true Japanophiles, he is compulsive on his subject, cannot bear to leave anything out. At one point he says: "I suddenly felt old," and this brings to his mind "like Urashima Taro," after which he must tell all of this not too interesting tale. As a guide Maraini rather pulls.

One's irritation rises, in part, from certain statements which are not true, but which Maraini does his best to believe because they support some thesis: thus, the Kabuki "because of the undisputed favor which it enjoys with all classes of the populace, might be compared with opera in Italy. . . ." Obviously he wants to make a meaningful comparison and to do so is quite ready to forget that not one Japanese out of a thousand has ever seen Kabuki, and that his "all classes," unlike opera-goers in Italy, contain only those with more than enough money.

He wants to support the thesis that the Japanese sense of beauty is not evident in public display and that there are no views in Kyoto. "The idea of a view is entirely Western and entirely un-Japanese. What bad taste, what barbarism, what childishness, to want to see everything at once." He wants to imply that the Japanese do not have this bad taste and to do so must disregard the thousands of Japanese tourists marching from one to another of the hundreds of "celebrated views" in Japan.

One is also irritated by his continually falling into the error of category: "The people of the north, Tohoku, are poor, rural, tenacious, and of the south, Kyushu, rich, industrious, prone to enthusiasms. . . ." Those famous, rich, Kyushu peasants!

And right here is the basic flaw in Maraini's book: he has never met a peasant. An extremely cultured aesthete and connoisseur, he doesn't know anyone whose monthly salary is not commensurate with his own. His attitude is shown in his advice to a young foreign woman concerning night life in Kyoto: it is "semi-private" and you must have "a good introduction," and even so you remain "a clumsy foreigner," incapable of taking "a proper part in conversation made up of subtle, piquant and witty allusions"; those places where entry is open (bars and the like, I presume) are "utterly revolting."

One looks in vain for ordinary Japanese in this book; one finds only numerically minuscule upper classes. The author has been taken into the confidence of celebrated geisha, he has been to the best restaurants in Kyoto, he has gone on wonderful picnics to some of the most lovely and little-known gorges in creation; but he has never stood helplessly by while a friend, fairly well dressed in his only suit, has agonized over the selection of a necktie which will have to last him all year long.

---

*DONALD RICHIE, film and book critic for* The Japan Times, *is also co-author* of The Japanese Film: Art and Industry (*Tuttle*).



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Still, he knows the country a lot better than a number of fly-by-nights who later settle and hatch tomes. Limited though he is, Maraini makes a number of just observations (among them: "There is still something degrading associated with money in Japan, and this often leads to hypocritical behavior of the kind which with us is associated with sex.") which is more than either Sacheverell Sitwell or Cecil Beaton does. In Maraini we have the international-modern attitude, the way John Gunther would probably write if he stayed long enough in one place to do so. With the latter two, however, we move backward: with Sacheverell Sitwell we are back in the "beautiful land of enchantment" phase, and in Cecil Beaton we are almost returned to our "strange, wee land" beginnings.

THE SITWELL book unhappily confirms what one has always uncomfortably suspected: that he is splendid when handling the past, the timeless, the safely dead; but that the living leaves him cold. Admirers of his work, and until now I was among them, will be disappointed. *The Bridge of the Brocade Sash* is written, perhaps necessarily, almost without reference to that great knowledge of arts, aesthetics and esoteric curiosa which is his; he simply doesn't know enough to write a book of "travels and observations in Japan." Yet, completely outside his milieu, he has refused to desert what he already knows and, rather than attempt to approach the country on its own terms, he writes as he always does. The results represent a triumph of the invidious.

Among the meaningless comparisons which stud the book we learn that there "are some points of similarity . . . between Todaiji and the abbey church of the Geronimos" and, one feels, for that matter, St. Patrick's on Fifth Avenue; in speaking of the cryptomerias, he says that we have "nothing like this in the West for it is of no use to compare the fir trees of the Black Forest." Of no use at all, yet compare he does. The book is crammed with meaningless place-name-droppings like this.

There are other indications that he is unsure of himself. In all these comparisons Japan wins hands down: Granada is as nothing compared to Kyoto. He feels, apparently, that nothing less than blanket approval will suffice, that he can no longer trust the judgment which, until now, has never been shown as anything but infallible. This lends an oddly querulous tone to the book.

Since he is not sure, he begins to wonder: what about the moss in the Kokedera, is it "accidental," might it not have "rioted and got the upper hand"? and what about Gagaku, is it really untouched, and would the composers "ever recognize their tunes"? and the rock garden at Ryuanji, is it "a triumph of genius; or is it an accident"? and are the rocks really in their original positions? has the sand "really been raked that same way for four centuries"? These and like questions (all supremely beside the point of the objects themselves) vex him; completely unsure of his aesthetic judgment he falls upon that tourist favorite: Is this authentic, are we seeing the real thing?

It is typical of his approach, and of his despair, that in defining the rock garden he should be thrown back upon a description he wrote of it in 1945, long before he saw the real thing. It is a fine description, the best thing in the book, but it has blessed little to do with Ryuanji. And directly after the rock-garden set-pieces comes: "But it is time now for the evening meal. . . . We take off our shoes, are given slippers that are much too small, and led by a posse of *neisans* upstairs. . . ." One notices the difference. The moment he attempts to give the flavor of something alive he becomes Auntie Sachie, someone's much beloved nanny, writing back to her charges from the extreme Orient.

Since he kills off anything living (using such formidable weapons as the downright cliché, the wishful misunderstanding and the utter error) and, at the same time, is not equipped to handle major Japanese works of art, it is not surprising that he is at his best on Japanese dolls, fabrics, kimono, geisha, *inro*, match-box designs, and those other decorations through which the Japanese attempt to make life beautiful. And it is not surprising that this single excellence, so completely divorced from anything human, should make the book read like those 1910 volumes which tell all about the wonders of Kyoto but fail to mention that anyone is living in the place.

CECIL BEATON, on the other hand, sees the people all right, but mainly because they fit so admirably into the compositions created by a fluent camera and a facile pen. His geisha are elegant pieces of furniture placed just so; that little dwarf on the temple steps stepped straight from the pages of *Vogue*. It was in fact "people" that originally brought Beaton to Japan. He came on assignment from *Harper's Bazaar* and one of his duties was to photograph "society" for those exclusive and glossy pages. One can imagine his, and their, chagrin at discovering that there is no "society" except that represented by a distant royalty and by the dumpy wives of current zaibatsu, surrounded by fringed velour, cast ormolu and other indications of Edwardian high life.

The disappointment shows: the pictures are pedestrian, and very poorly reproduced for a volume as expensive as this one; in some cases they are even visibly retouched. The text is post-Henry Adams gush, but it does give a wonderful indication of what one can learn about Japan in just one short month. One can learn that Haneda Airport, the world's most hectic, contains "an atmosphere of tranquillity and immaculate precision"; that "today, every Japanese dabbles in the art" of flower arranging; that in the elegant Osaka Bunrakuza there are "simple, peasant audiences"; that Madame Azuma, who is to Kabuki as Cyd Charisse is to ballet, has "the dignity and assurance of Sarah Bernhardt"; and (my favorite) that "one reason for the perennial youth of these people is that there is never a frown or look of anxiety on their faces."

It will be noticed that the attitude, whether one loves the country or hates it, is emotional. What one rarely finds among travelers to Japan is that measured quality so admirable in Doughty in Arabia, Kinglake in Persia; what one sees of Tocqueville in America, Borrow in Spain and Gide in Africa. The two extremes of Lafcadio Hearn encompass it, the letters of Chamberlain suggest it, Fenollosa hints at it; Kipling's letters show that he knew what he was talking about; Cocteau, though adopting superciliousness as a style, saw the country full and whole; later, Roger Poidatz, under the name of Thomas Raucat, wrote *The Honorable Picnic*, far and away the best novel about the country; and, still later, D. J. Enright published a very just evaluation in *The World of Dew*. This, though comprised entirely of very near-hits, is a select company indeed and to it one must now add Donald Keene and his admirable *Living Japan*.

THE TITLE indicates the author's attitude: he is interested in Japan as it is, not as it was, nor as he wants it to be. In the introduction he writes how he initially recoiled from the "modern living" aspect of the country, how he "might have remained buried in . . . studies of old literature and art. . . ." But he did not, and this near-escape has given him an inestimable advantage over those who merely enthuse or merely despise: it has given him a sane and level-headed view of the country.

He is the precise opposite of "the



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tourist [who] may be so affected by legends that he has read of the Land of the Gods that he may wonder, when he sees farmers spraying their fields with insecticides, what magical rites are being celebrated." Rather, he knows the abyss between public and private behavior; he knows how and why Japanese politics are so utterly corrupt; he knows that "the guest bears the responsibility for entertaining the geisha."

Yet, he has avoided the extreme of cynicism. Again and again the tempered justness of his attitude reconciles apparent opposites. He observes that "the men who today make transistor radios have the dexterity of the craftsmen who carved sword ornaments a hundred years ago"; that, though the old apprentice system is often cruel and wasteful, still "the apprentice who is . . . determined . . . will develop greater perfection than another . . . to whom [it] is just another job"; that the tea ceremony may appear "about as spiritually challenging as afternoon tea poured by a London matron," yet, "even if the Japanese girl has learend by rote, with no comprehension of . . . the whole ceremony, the observer cannot but be struck by momentary glimmerings of a beauty which has the marks of long tradition."

Keene, resisting expression of an emotional attachment, has written with studied fairness, and in so doing has created what will undoubtedly become the standard text on the country. His approach is one pre-eminently suited to this second half of the century. It is sober, just, impeccably informed and extremely well expressed; it also shares much more with Benedict, Reischauer and Dore than it does with any past or present Marainis or Sitwells.

Yet, if one misses something in this book (and it is scarcely fair to complain of missing something that the author never intended including), it is the personal view, that which is so irritatingly evident in Maraini. Perhaps, indeed, it is Keene's measured sanity which makes his book so bland. This does not mean that one would trade Keene for Maraini, but it does mean that Japan has not yet found its Doughty, its Kinglake, its Borrow.

# Class and Sanity

*SOCIOLOGICAL THEORY & MENTAL DISORDER*. By H. Warren Dunham. Wayne State University Press. 298 pp. $5.50.

*MY NAME IS LEGION: Foundations for a Theory of Man in Relation to Culture*. By Alexander H. Leighton. Basic Books. 452 pp. $7.50.

***William Caudill***

BOTH of these books attempt to improve understanding of the relation between psychiatric illnesses and the social settings in which they occur. Both authors ask essentially the same questions, but Dunham looks back at research accomplished over the past twenty years, while Leighton looks to the future, particularly to the two forthcoming volumes of research results for which his present book provides the framework. Together, these books provide a good introduction to this field of study, but the reader will have to work at his task because, while the language is fairly straightforward, the arguments are presented for a professional audience.

Dunham's book is a collection of papers, some of them now classic in the field, published in various American and British journals during the past twenty years. In addition, three studies are presented here for the first time. They are organized according to the three central problems with which Dunham is concerned: "(1) Does the incidence of mental disorder and its various types show any significant variations by social class, ecological space or time periods in a given society? (2) Can any relationship be established between the type of pre-morbid personality structure and the kind of mental disturbance or mental symptoms that a person develops? And (3) Is the cultural organization of society primarily selective or causative with respect to the differential incidence of mental disorder within a given human society or between different human societies?"

The findings for which Dunham (in work carried out with R. E. L. Faris) is best known come from analyses of the ecological distribution of first admissions to state and private hospitals in Chicago. Dunham's principal findings were that, taken as a whole, mental disorder shows highest incidence in the impoverished areas surrounding the central business district, with the rate falling off in all directions toward the more prosperous periphery; that the schizophrenic rates follow this same pattern; but that the pattern for manic-depression is much more scattered and with a tendency for increase in areas of relatively high social and economic status.

As Dunham points out, the discussion of these, and other similar, findings raises many questions. "Are statistically significant rate differentials between local districts . . . actually caused by differences in the very texture of social life or are such rate differentials caused merely by the selection of cases, by the mobility of cases, by statistical manipulations of the data, or by a combination of these elements? This is a real sixty-four-dollar question." Dunham also mentions that a careful study by Hollingshead and Redlich of cases under treatment in New Haven shows that the uneven distribution of such cases in the social class structure is not a chance matter. However, the Hollingshead and Redlich study does not discover what factors within the class structure account for the differential distribution, and that is the crucial question. All of this points to the need for studies of communities that will count all cases of psychiatric illness (not just those under treatment) and will look for the relations between such illness and patterns of socio-cultural integration or disintegration.

LEIGHTON'S volume (and those scheduled to follow it) is the report of just such an attempt, and Leighton is under no illusion that the relationship is of a simple one-to-one character — rather the entire book is a sophisticated discussion of the problems inherent in visualizing such relationships. His book reports the findings of the Stirling County Study of Psychiatric Disorder and Socio-Cultural Environment — an intensive, ten-year project carried out in several communities in Nova Scotia. The project is conducted by Cornell University in collaboration with the Department of Public Health of the Province of Nova Scotia.

Since the study as a whole was concerned not only with research but also with the treatment of psychiatric disorder, and ultimately with preventive psychiatry, the title for the first volume was chosen, appropriately enough, from the text of St. Mark (5: 5,9): "And always, night and day, he was in the mountains, and in the tombs, crying, and cutting himself with stones. . . .

*WILLIAM CAUDILL is a lecturer on Social Anthropology in the Department of Social Relations, Harvard University, and a research associate in the Department of Psychiatry, Harvard Medical School. He is the author of* The Psychiatric Hospital As a Small Society (*Harvard University Press*).



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And [Jesus] asked him, What is thy name? And he answered, saying, My name is Legion: for we are many."

This volume is divided into three parts. In the first, Leighton defines psychiatric disorder in terms of three probable origins: psychological experience, physiological imbalances and heredity. In the second part, he traces possible connections between psychiatric disorder, viewed as a process, and the socio-cultural environment, also viewed in terms of process. Out of this discussion, social disintegration is suggested as a major influence on the development of psychiatric illnesses in the community. The third part of the book outlines the research plan followed in the study.

It is impossible in a short review to go into the logical development of Leighton's argument. Since he is striking out in original directions, he may well draw fire from some social scientists and dynamic psychiatrists. Leighton should, however, prove to be a worthy adversary as his thought is sophisticated and provocative. In addition, throughout the text, there is a beautiful interweaving of clinical material and conceptual discussion. The book is to be recommended in itself, and because it whets the appetite for the more substantive findings that are to be presented in later volumes.

# LETTER from DUBLIN

## *Louis O. Coxe*

WINTER shows few northern cities at their best and Dublin is no exception. For days it has been very cold and bleak, with snow and consequent hazards, but if one has recently returned from Liverpool, as I have, Dublin seems fair, unsullied and full of delights to the eye and ear. Perhaps one should go to Liverpool first in order to receive the stimulus at the full. When I have the courage, on a fair day, I walk the couple of miles or so from my house in Donnybrook to Trinity College, in the very heart of the city, and there is always something new or some new effect in the familiar. Perhaps Joyce knew what he was about when he set himself to effecting total recall.

Dublin is a wonderful combination of the cosmopolitan and the provincial. One can get about on foot very readily; from any point of vantage you can see the Dublin hills. Fifteen minutes' drive from the city and you are in rural Ireland, and indeed it is no novelty to see donkey carts and pony carts trotting into town from the hills to the west and south, nor to see cattle being driven down the sidewalk in front of a line of semi-detached villas, most of which sprout TV antennas. The variety, the pageantry of a muted sort, strike one forcibly after the uniformity of most American cities, and Trinity College itself is in a sense a summation of many of these contrasts. An Anglican and Anglo-Irish enclave in this Roman Catholic country, it yet includes students from all parts of the world, from Nigeria to Sweden; I would guess that there are more students from foreign parts than native Irish; most of whom, of course, go to the National University. Such a quantity of students gives to central Dublin an air of youth and gaiety. And the Irish girls one sees on Grafton Street! I read recently a snide account of a visit to Dublin in some English magazine. The author was rather sniffy on the beauty of Irish girls: it was, he pointed out, a mere matter of hair, complexion, eyes and expression. As the Beats say, let's sell this cheap hotel, man.

BUT a representative of American Culture like myself cannot properly go about admiring the girls, so I shall admire an extraordinary occasion I assisted at (in the French sense) a couple of Sunday nights ago: a poetry-reading, by Padraic Colum, Donagh MacDonagh and Thomas Kinsella, at the Busarus Theatre (capy. ca. 175). It was packed, and the audience left reluctantly after three solid hours of poetry and songs played on the harp and sung by Mrs. Yeats, the poet's daughter-in-law. I must confess it struck me as something of a Tribal Rite. Monsignor Paddy Brown, recently retired from University College, Galway, introduced the poets and in the case of Kinsella, the youngest, provoked a round of applause when he thanked God that another poet had been born to Ireland. Certainly one had to join in the applause, for every reason, not the least of which is that Kinsella

*LOUIS O. COXE, poet and critic, is on the English faculty of Bowdoin College. He is the co-author of the stage adaptation of* Billy Budd. *His* The Middle Passage, *a narrative poem of the slave trade, is published this month (University of Chicago).*

*March 26, 1960*

*Forthcoming*

Modern Library Paperbacks

**THE MAGIC BARREL**
By BERNARD MALAMUD. Winner of the 1958 National Book Award for Fiction. 95¢

**LIFE AGAINST DEATH**
By NORMAN O. BROWN. "The best interpretation of Freud I know." — LIONEL TRILLING $1.25

**THE SHAKESPEAREAN MOMENT**
Its place in the poetry of the 17th century by PATRICK CRUTTWELL. 95¢

**THE DECIPHERMENT OF LINEAR B**
By JOHN CHADWICK. The exciting story of the unravelling of one of the earliest written languages. 95¢

**AN ANTHOLOGY OF RUSSIAN LITERATURE**
Prose and poetry from Gorki and Tolstoy to Pasternak, edited and translated by BERNARD GUILBERT GUERNEY. $1.45

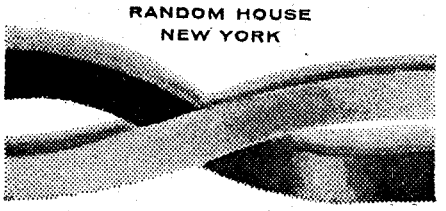
**THE ANALECTS OF CONFUCIUS**
Translated by ARTHUR WALEY. The best English version of one of the chief sources of the Eastern tradition. 95¢

**TOTEM AND TABOO**
By SIGMUND FREUD. Freud's classic study of the resemblances between the physical lives of savages and neurotics in which he first proposes the Oedipus complex. 95¢

**THE ART OF SCIENTIFIC INVESTIGATION**
By W. I. B. BEVERIDGE. "A free and universal mind looks at scientific investigation as a creative art."—NEW YORK TIMES 95¢

**THE SONG OF IGOR'S CAMPAIGN**
A new translation by VLADIMIR NABOKOV of the epic with which Russian literature begins. 95¢

RANDOM HOUSE
NEW YORK




LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is certainly a poet, and a good one. Donagh MacDonagh, the son of one of the patriots of '16 whose name is immortalized in Yeats's, "Easter 1916" and in Oliver Sheppard's magnificent memorial sculpture in the General Post Office, had a few harsh words for the British, as one might expect of a man whose father had been executed by them. Padraic Colum was received with great affection by the whole crowd, young and old. Altogether, such an evening is so remote from American experience that only the English language, on the ear more musical than normally, seemed a known thing. Even at my own lectures on American literature there has been a good and on the whole faithful crowd; they seem to come because they like literature and think it worth while to listen to talk about it. There is no question of credits or degrees or even of improving something, apparently. And so the readings at the Busarus showed me, I think, how seriously yet how easily the Irish cherish their culture. It belongs to them, like their church and their past and their dead.

ONE disappointment has been theatre. I have seen little Irish drama, new or old, that I would call really good. This month the universities of Ireland, including Queens Belfast as well as, oddly, Cardiff, are giving a drama festival at the large Olympia Theatre — five plays in five nights, and not one Irish, I believe. The Abbey's season has been dull; the only bright spot is the apparently settled decision to commence the building of the new theatre on the site of the old, burnt out in 1952. The Gas Company Theatre in Dun Laoghaire has somehow managed to get the permission of O'Casey to do one of his plays, so perhaps one may get to see them all when the new theatre is built, provided O'Casey and the hierarchy don't have another falling-out. And John B. Keane, the author of *Sive*, another kitchen tragedy out of Kerry, has a new play which is headed for Dublin. Perhaps it will get beyond the stereotypes of *Sive*, though I delighted in that play if only for the talk, rare enough on the stage these days. The students who are interested in drama, and they are many, seem greatly concerned for the future of the Irish stage, and though they lust after Adamov and Ionesco, many seem consciously to want to revive a national drama that shall be both native and yet aware of what the French and the Americans are doing. They get a bit discouraged when they put on *The Rose Tattoo* only to have it banned, or when they buy tickets to see in Dublin the English production of *The Ginger Man* and read in the paper on the morning after the opening that The Powers have intervened and sent pornography packing. I suppose someone has to pay to keep Ireland pure, but the price sometimes seems exorbitant.

Despite such drawbacks, one certainly does not have the feeling of living in a theocracy or a land of bigots. Nearly anyone I meet seems to me to express himself with ease, humor and in the most supple of vocabularies. The English would call this the mere gift of gab, but it is a gift indeed and one which the American enured to World Basic Grunt, can only covet. And their country and countryside seem to fit them perfectly, as well it might with what they have gone through to possess it.

# THEATRE

## *Harold Clurman*

IN Friedrich Duerrenmatt's brilliantly synthetic play *The Visit* (City Center) the lady who is its prime mover says "The world made a whore of me, so I am turning the world into a brothel."

Jean Genêt's brothel in *The Balcony* (Circle-in-the-Square) is a house of mirrors, a temple of illusion, one might say art itself, where things are truer than life. In this brothel—where there is more obscenity than sex—acts turn in on themselves (as in art) and thus achieve a certain purity. They have no practical consequence. What the brothel does is give men a presentment of their dreams in their essential meaning. The patron who impersonates a bishop realizes and enjoys the cruelty which is at the root of his absolution, the "judge" his kinship with the criminal, the "general" his taste for command.

The ambitious of the world also aspire toward the glorification or perfection of image which is the service the brothel performs. The workers of the world are in revolt. The brothel alone seems protected. The revolution is drowned in blood. When its leader comes to the brothel it is to become the glorified simulacrum of his captors and rulers—and he castrates himself in doing so. The dictator (the chief of police) becomes the new Hero—dominating even legitimate royalty and the lords of religion, justice, war. This Hero—vulgarian without accredited linage—who has always yearned to become a great figure in the brothel's galaxy—need no longer do the work which has raised him to power. Having established himself and dug the people's faces in the mud with their orgastic consent, he will now rule by his legend alone—the aura of grandeur which the art-institution of the brothel has given him. Some people still remember their moment of revolt, secretly murmuring "the rebellion was wonderful"—so that despite their defeat they may some day rise again.

Is this confused? Not very. Genêt's construction is nightmarish, perverse and chaotic as are the creations of our fantasies, but like them it has its own illuminating vividness, its lurid clarity and a language—as intensely solid as a classic—which gives the play a substance that cuts through the darkness. Since Genêt has lived his nightmare and has withal a certain artistic grip on it, he is genuine poet, whereas Duerrenmatt who is only terribly clever is not.

*The Visit* is clearer—an anti-capitalist parable without real commitment because it is without real identification —a work of shrewd manipulation of materials other writers have originated. *The Balcony* has its obscurities—no explanatory gloss will elucidate its every metaphorical twist—but in this it resembles every true work of art; true art always retains a certain elusiveness because the emanations of the artist's unconscious project beyond the control of his will.

ALL this does not mean either that I "agree" with Genêt or that I consider him a great dramatist. It means that I recognize that he exists in a creative sphere which the more practicable Duerrenmatt does not enter. I suspect that Genêt belongs to a category of artists who, while marginal to the mainstream of major work (that which possesses great duration and broad applicability), retain a certain symbolic significance for their time. Such artists act as a ferment, giving rise to what may be described as a salutary disease—through which we recognize what is happening in and troubling the epoch. These artists do not reveal the world as it is or we as we truly are: they isolate and bring into view the symptoms which threaten us. They are portents and protests. Hence their value—for in art everything must be said, everyone must be heard. To feel and understand what is ailing us is more curative than the balm of the bland entertainers or the engaged propagandists.

France has produced more such artists perhaps than any other modern nation. De Sade, Huysmans, Lautréamont, Jarry, Laforgue, Artaud, maybe even Rimbaud, not to mention certain other of our contemporaries in Paris—



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

novelists, playwrights, poets, painters—belong to this special artistic manifestation. America is too young for important artists of this sort to emerge. When they appear here they usually seem imitative or phony—bad boys aping mythical monsters. It is true that we are beginning to be so infected, but the circumstances which make a Genêt authentic are still a bit remote. So *The Balcony* is mostly an oddity with us, a side-show novelty.

If José Quintero's production is far from being an organic embodiment of the play, one must at least credit it with earnestness of effort in a supremely difficult task. Resources beyond the capacity of any American management are required. (I have heard that there have been some excellent productions in Germany.) The present production is distinctly superior to the one I saw in London in 1957. Nancy Marchand here plays with authority and intelligence. Salomé Jens is attractive with the ambiguous glow needed for the occasion, and David Hays as designer is appropriately inventive within the limited means available. The cast as a whole plays arduously. But one regrets the opportunity missed to make the production as hauntingly alluring and gravely demoniac as it might be.

IN THE meantime on Broadway Frank Loesser with *Greenwillow* (Alvin Theatre) offers some pleasant tunes, nice sets, cute choreography and an agreeable cast (Anthony Perkins, Cecil Kellaway) in the kind of pseudo-idyllic Americana to which I fear I am congenitally allergic.

# ART

## *Maurice Grosser*

UNDER the title *A Change of Sky*, the American Academy of Arts and Letters is showing through April 3 — along with a similar literary exhibition — some seventy-five American pictures chosen for having been painted abroad. The works range in time and kind from a sentimental *Savoyard Boy*, done in The Hague by Eastman Johnson in 1853, to an abstract *Forms on a Table* by Patrick Henry Bruce, painted in Paris in 1930 in the primary colored Dutch-style cubism that was so fashionable that year.

As is normal enough in any exposition on a theme, the quality of the pictures varies enormously. On the credit side, there is one of the best of the Mary Cassatts, on loan from Boston; a charming Maurice Stern of 1903 of ladies and merrymakers on *Bastille Day in Paris* without any of Stern's later linear hardness; fine landscapes by Twachtman, Charles A. Platt and Inness; some masterful Duvenecks; an unexpectedly excellent Eilshemius from Samoa; two brilliantly colored Haitian scenes by Gifford Beal; an even more brilliant Cubist still life by Alfred Maurer; the least conventionalized Arthur B. Davies I have seen — a wide angle landscape of Italian hill-town and valley; an enchanting John La Farge of lagoon and palm-covered atoll with wading fisherman; and a beautiful water color by Maurice Prendergast of the Piazza San Marco, with flags, in a representational style quite different from the work of his I know. On the debit side are several of the less interesting early Winslow Homer English seacoast water colors; a painted, gilded and incised decorative gesso panel by Charles (not Maurice) Prendergast, quite without quality; a vulgar, if entertaining, Elihu Vedder of Roman Maidens in pre-Raphaelite Greek draperies, bathing and cavorting on a strand; and an equally vulgar but just as diverting work by Robert F. Blum — a Japanese street scene with candy vendor and children, painted in picayune detail and framed in a filagree of gold lacework — the show's one example of the 1880 French salon style.

AS this array of pictures painted abroad serves to demonstrate, there are two distinct reasons why painters travel: Either they go to Europe as students, to learn the trade; or, as mature artists, they travel the world in search of the picturesque. The first reason is the more decisive. The early training a painter receives determines both his stylistic advantages and the level of his professional competence. Perhaps the most revealing thing to know about any painter is where he went to school.

Take Duveneck for an example. His training in a Munich that specialized in old-master technique (of glazes, varnish medium, with rich, brown, transparent shadows on a tinted ground) forever formed his painting manner. Inness' work as a young man in the school of Daubigny was responsible for his pre-Impressionist, atmospheric style. Whistler's Japanese and Manet influences were acquired in his student days in France where also, as young people, Theodore Robinson and Mary Cassatt became real Impressionists and Alfred Maurer a real Cubist. And Marsden Hartley's bright tones and massive brushwork stem directly from the Fauvism and Expressionism he encountered as a young man in France and Germany. Whereas Elihu Vedder would probably not have undertaken his highly literary allegories, nor would he have executed them in so stringy and linear a style, had he not studied in Italy — in his day, as far as painting went, the most provincial of the major European countries.

Traveling for subject matter has much less influence on the painter. When John La Farge went to Samoa, it was for subject matter alone. He was already a formed painter with a water-color manner acquired at home by making sketches for stained glass windows. But this training was provincial and insufficient. And despite his pictures' extraordinary charm, they are sadly lacking in professional quality, and the one oil on display here is quite inept. Maurice Stern

"BEST PLAY"—N.Y. Drama Critics' Award

a raisin in the sun

A new play by LORRAINE HANSBERRY

starring CLAUDIA McNEIL
OSSIE DAVIS • RUBY DEE

MAIL ORDERS FILLED: Evgs.: Orch. $6.90; Mezz. $5.75, 4.80, 4.05, 3.60; 2nd Balc. $2.90. Mats. Wed. & Sat.: Orch. $4.60; Mezz. $4.60, 4.05, 3.60, 3.00; 2nd Balc. $2.30. Tax incl. Enclose stamped, self-addressed env.
BELASCO THEATRE, 111 W. 44 St., N. Y. C.

The Best Way To Get THE NATION

THE NATION
333 Sixth Ave., New York 14

☐ One Year, $8
☐ Two Years, $14
☐ Three Years, $20
☐ 6 Months, $4

☐ Bill Me ☐ Payment Enclosed
(Foreign Postage $1 a year extra)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE ____ STATE ____

3-26-60



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

went for exotic subject matter to Bali, Italy, and elsewhere. But being Paris-trained, he painted it all in the characteristic manner of the Cézanne-influenced *Ecole de Paris* of the twenties. In the same way, Guy Pène du Bois went to paint in France. But the mannerisms of figure drawing in his pictures here shown demonstrate that the painter was really New York-trained. His ball-headed and cylinder-bodied personages derive from a literal interpretation of Cézanne's dictum that all forms can be analyzed into combinations of cylinder, cube and sphere — a limited view which formed the basis of a mannerism much in favor in New York when du Bois was a student.

Perhaps it matters less today where a painter goes to school, since everywhere in the world the student has available to him identical instruction in modern art. But I suspect that this instruction is itself a course in mannerism. At any rate, though the basic patterns originated in Paris some fifty years ago, it is now from everywhere but Paris that they are coming back to take us all by storm. And, as the pictures in this exposition illustrate, there is a fundamental difference between the professional traditions handed down in the great painting centers, and the rather narrow range of mannerisms taught and cherished elsewhere. If I were a young painter intent on learning my trade, I would prefer to study it where the most pictures were being made and sold and where the greatest variety of techniques and traditions were available — in Paris, or in New York perhaps, but not in Rome or Venice or Ann Arbor.

THE MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART is holding until May 8 an exhibition of African sculpture — masks and figures from Bambara in the Western Sudan. There are seated personages, here called Queens on account of their very real dignity, masks worn in initiation societies, wooden headdresses carved in variations on antelope motifs, and ceremonial objects covered with thick but now deodorized crusts of what the catalogue terms a "sacrificial patena," composed in all probability of the three basic magical substances — semen, blood and spit. It is a fine show and well worth visiting. The objects themselves are impressive examples of primitive art. And, unlike what I have remarked in other exhibits here, the pieces seem to be shown more for their ethnological and human interest, than for their more questionable value as naive prototypes of the contemporary abstract styles.

# FILMS

## *Robert Hatch*

BY FAR the most successful of the Japanese films that have been shown in series in New York this winter is Akira Kurosawa's *Ikiru* (variously translated as "To Live!" and "Doomed"). The last in the sequence of films offered, it has settled down to one of those very profitable art theatre runs.

The reasons for this are clear. First, insofar as any Japanese director has a "name" in America, Kurosawa has one — for *Rashomon* and *The Seven Samurai*. Second, *Ikiru* is a powerful, beautifully conceived and constructed film. And third, it raises no barrier of culture or tradition to baffle our audience.

An aging government clerk, who has wasted his adult life in the paper-passing of bureaucratic inaction, learns that he will die in six months. Death is an idea he can bear, but the realization that he has never lived overwhelms him. He sets out, ill, timid, without experience, to make good that lack in the time left. A raffish but humane bohemian hack initiates him into the commercial fun of Tokyo's night life. The old man enjoys himself, but dissipation is not what he seeks. He attaches himself to the young warmth of a girl who offers initial puppy amiability but is soon confused and bored. Finally, he recalls a petition for a small playground in a bleak slum that has for months been shuttling hopelessly through the bureaus. He determines to get that project built in the weeks left to him.

In a postscript, a long postscript, the old man's associates gather at his wake and recall his startling, his appalling persistence in the face of official indifference and in defiance of hieratic protocol. They say he shamed them, but as they grow drunker they say also that he was a hero. They become excited, reborn in wine; the playground he achieved shall be their symbol in a great revolution of public service. But in the morning they are sober and nothing will change. Only a dying man would take the giddy chances involved in action.

This is not only a moving and understandable tale, it is even a familiar one — Emil Jannings is the key allusion and Kurosawa's picture recalls powerfully the German social films of post-World War I. The cringing courage of the old man, the cold impatience of his up-and-coming son, the bohemian friend as though drawn by Beardsley, the strident vulgarity of the night world, the fast cutting for bitter comment, the symbolic realism, the pitiful details of the hero's personal habits, the eyeglass-glinting arrogance of authority, the retching drunken heroics — they all stir the ghosts of UFA. *Ikiru* is no copy: it is much too vibrant and individual to be so demeaned. But it is, by a curious trick of historical parallels, a major work in an impressive school that disbanded forty years ago.

JAPANESE picture making is going to play an increasing part in the world's screen art, and we need to know something of its background. *The Japanese Film*, by Joseph Anderson and Donald Richie (Tuttle), is a history as valuable as Paul Rotha's *The Film Till Now*. It shares with that famous book the virtue that, whereas one turns to it most often for facts, one is trapped time and again into reading it for pleasure.

I DON'T KNOW how long ago Ingmar Bergman made *A Lesson in Love*, but he has come quite a distance since then. Not that the picture is a bad example of its type, but it is almost ludicrously an example. The faintly naughty comedy which is really quite proper because the two erotically belligerent principals are married all the time is an early and enduring device to keep expensive studio space profitably employed. Bergman serves it up with enough knockabout brawls, funny coincidences, amorous susceptibilities, prat laughs and moist sentiment to obscure the fact that the characters come, not from life, but from comic valentines. Being Bergman, he also serves it up in flashbacks. These serve to show what responsibilities pull on the adulterous couple, and what shared memories of dalliance trick their warring bodies into concessions of affection. Some of the recollections — particularly those giving prominence to an endearingly miserable tomboy daughter (Harriet Andersson) — are charming, but the cut and jump technique damps the excitement of the pell-mell obstacle race to the bed of reconciliation.

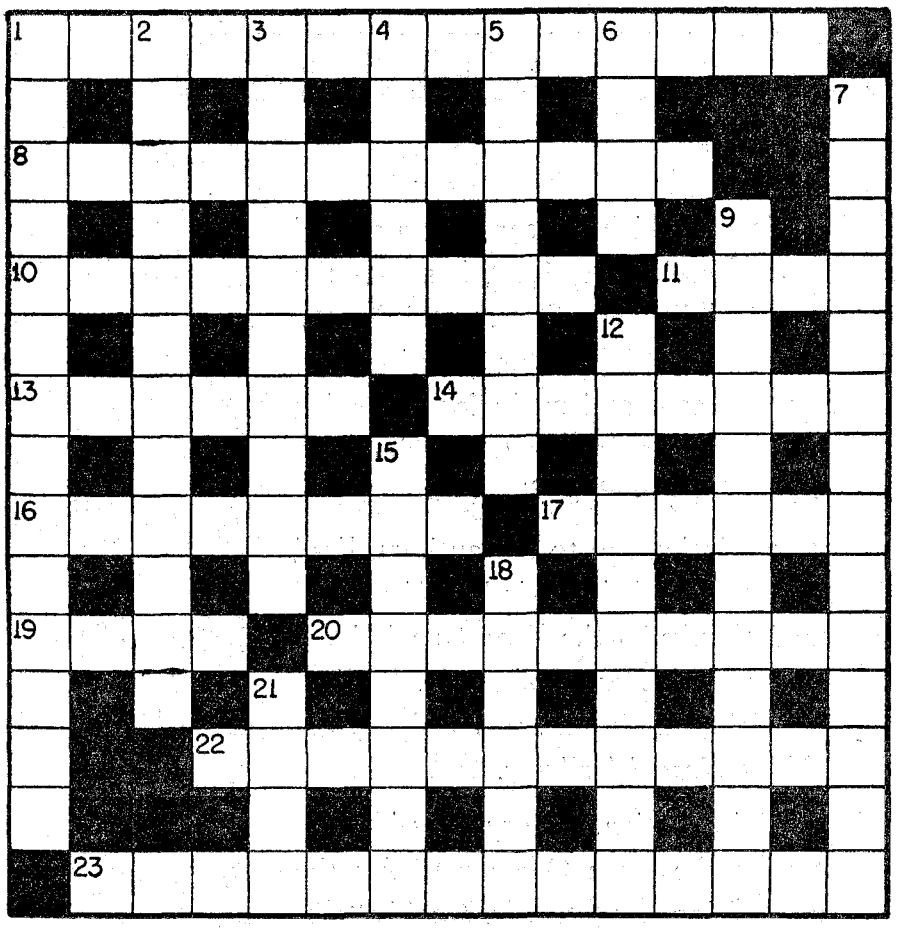
It is a little startling to find Eva Dahlbeck and Gunnar Bjornstrand, who have since become important vehicles of the great man's brooding talent, employed in this extravagent romping, and in truth they look as though they knew they were marked for loftier work — a little tight around the mouth, a little stiff at the kicking up of heels. However, *A Lesson in Love* will pass the time cheerfully, though I advise a quick exit during the last scene. Bergman signs the piece with a bit of symbolism — a small child dressed in cupid wings and carrying a bow — that monstrously foretells his infatuation with visual metaphor.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Crossword Puzzle No. 860

**By FRANK W. LEWIS**



### ACROSS:

1 Not the author of "Genevieve" or "Parnassus on Wheels"—one is self-limned. (14)

8 Husbands might quarrel with their wives so! (It's no way to maintain your balance.) (12)

10 With a broken pencil or so, it might have grave implications. (10)

11 Not in order to get a portion of vanilla ice cream! (4)

13 Perhaps a Louisville Slugger is used in self-defense. (6)

14 This rice is associated with Roger Ackroyd. (8)

16 The condescending manner of French with a double gin flip? (8)

17 Central vein. (6)

19 Carol brings his head in. (4)

20 Acting this confused, the conclusion could be ironic. (10)

22 Did Tennyson to the 600, invoking a certain amount of interest. (6, 6)

23 Blue feathers mixed with the trash? (4, 2, 3, 5)

### DOWN:

1 Near the match, in part and in toto? (6, 3, 5)

2 Not an 11 control of government, but it might make a catcher toil. (12)

3 Brahmins might confuse the country with the head man traveling around. (10)

4 It seems to be a badly tailored robe that finally goes on the king! (6)

5 Cars usually don't go on it. (3, 5)

6 Such vessels might be easily shot up. (4)

7 Early settlers gathered at the bottom. (14)

9 One might be used to pound cake mixture in very light form. (9, 3)

12 Did his mine have a reduced output? (10)

15 This certainly isn't called for! (8)

18 Unpleasant sensation the sewer might be responsible for. (6)

21 Press club, perhaps. (4)

#### SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 859

ACROSS: 1 Stepping stone; 10 Tattoos; 11 Opening; 12 Centrally; 13 Tahoe; 16 Marigold; 19 Outlived; 20 Passes; 22 Conga; 23 Iterative; 25 Mailing; 26 Cresset; 27 Uninteresting. DOWN: 2 Titan; 3 Procrastination; 4 Insult; 5 Goodyear; 6 Theatrical agent; 7 Neighbors; 8 Staccato; 9 Ogee; 15 Retention; 17 Desserts; 18 Meringue; 21 Rescue; 22 and 14 Come across; 24 Ibsen.


PUBLICATIONS

**FLUSHING BOOKS**
**25% Discount on New Books**

1. Select any book: best seller, Bible, cook, how-to-do-it, gift book, etc.
2. Deduct 25% from publisher's list, add 20c postage per book; N.Y.C. residents add 3% sales tax.
3. Send check or money order.
4. Text books 10% off.

*Send for free catalogue.*
*WE ALSO SPECIALIZE IN LOCATING BOOKS.*

**FLUSHING BOOKS**
Dept. A
67-12 136th St. Flushing, 67, N.Y.

**GOOD USED BOOKS, 50c-$1**
Postal brings you free lists
**Editions, Desk N, Hempstead, N. Y.**

**OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS located!** Name the book — we'll find it for you. All subjects — fiction, non-fiction. No obligation to buy. Write **Books-On-File, Dept. NA, Union City, New Jersey.**

**THE CAROLINA ISRAELITE** — the wit and wisdom of Harry Golden. $3.00 per year (bi-monthly). **P. O. Box 1677, New York 17.**

RESORTS

ONLY 50 MILES FROM N.Y.C.

**RELAX** in a friendly atmosphere. Golf at a magnificent Country Club. Dancing. Entertainment. Superb cuisine Fireproof Bldg. Elevator service. Group facilities. In New York City call at local rate.
**FAirbanks 5-7227**
**MAhopac 8-3449**
**FOREST house**
**LAKE MAHOPAC, N. Y.**

For EASTER & PASSOVER
**Arrowhead LODGE** Ellenville N. Y.
Two hour drive on Thruway. Full program. Social, Folk & Square dancing. Painting. All sports, clay tennis courts, golf, fishing. Holiday Menu. Informal. **Tel.: N.Y.C. DE 2-4578 — Ellenville 502**

TRAVEL

**FOR ALL NEW EUROPEAN CARS write RAYMOND PETER PACH, AMERICAN SALES—23, VIA MARCHE—ROME, ITALY** —for our advantageous prices, worldwide delivery, prompt personal service.

SERVICES

**MOVING?** Professional moving at competitive rates. Anytime, anywhere. Licensed, insured, experienced. **THE COVERED WAGON, ALgonquin 5-1788 (N.Y.C.).**

**WE MOVE YOU WITHOUT TEARS** — Economical, insured moving and storage. **Vans, wagons—NYC, resorts, long distance. The Padded Wagon, Inc. AL 5-8343 (NYC).**

PERSONALS

**AIR CONDITIONERS — Buy Now at Tax Exempt Prices Special.** 1 H.P.—7½ AMP— **Only $159.95.** Standard Brand Dist., 143 Fourth Avenue (nr. 14th St.), N.Y. GR 3-7819. **1 hour free parking.**

**WANTED** for month of April only, 1 room apartment or housekeeping room. Village or Chelsea. **Kenneth Rexroth, c/o The Nation.**





Printed in the U. S. A. by RCR Publication Printers Corp., N. Y. C.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# 'UNCHALLENGED . . .'

"The Shame of New York," which appeared as a special issue of *The Nation* on October 31, 1959, has won the New York Newspaper Guild's Page One Award for the year's best magazine reporting. The accompanying citation reads: "[for] a courageous and unchallenged political survey of our city, resulting from a tremendous job of investigation and searching analysis."

Our warmest congratulations go to the authors, Fred J. Cook and Gene Gleason; and, in their behalf as well as our own, we extend thanks to the Page One judges: Oliver Pilat of the New York *Post,* Robert H. Prall of the New York *World-Telegram* & *Sun,* and Ralph Jules Frantz of the New York *Herald Tribune.*

For Mr. Cook and *The Nation,* history thus happily repeats itself. Last year the Page One award for the best magazine feature-writing went to Mr. Cook's "The FBI" (*The Nation,* October 18, 1958).

*NOTE: Copies of "The Shame of New York" are still available. Take advantage of low bulk rates and fill out the coupon below.*

THE NATION

**THE NATION, 333 Sixth Ave., New York 14, N. Y.**

Please send me copies of the special issue, "The Shame of New York," as indicated below. I enclose payment in the sum of $.....

| | |
|---|---|
| ☐ 1 copy for 50c | ☐ 100 copies for $30 |
| ☐ 10 copies for $4 | ☐ 500 copies for $125 |
| ☐ 50 copies for $17.50 | ☐ 1,000 copies for $200 |

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... ZONE.... STATE.....

8-26-60

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED